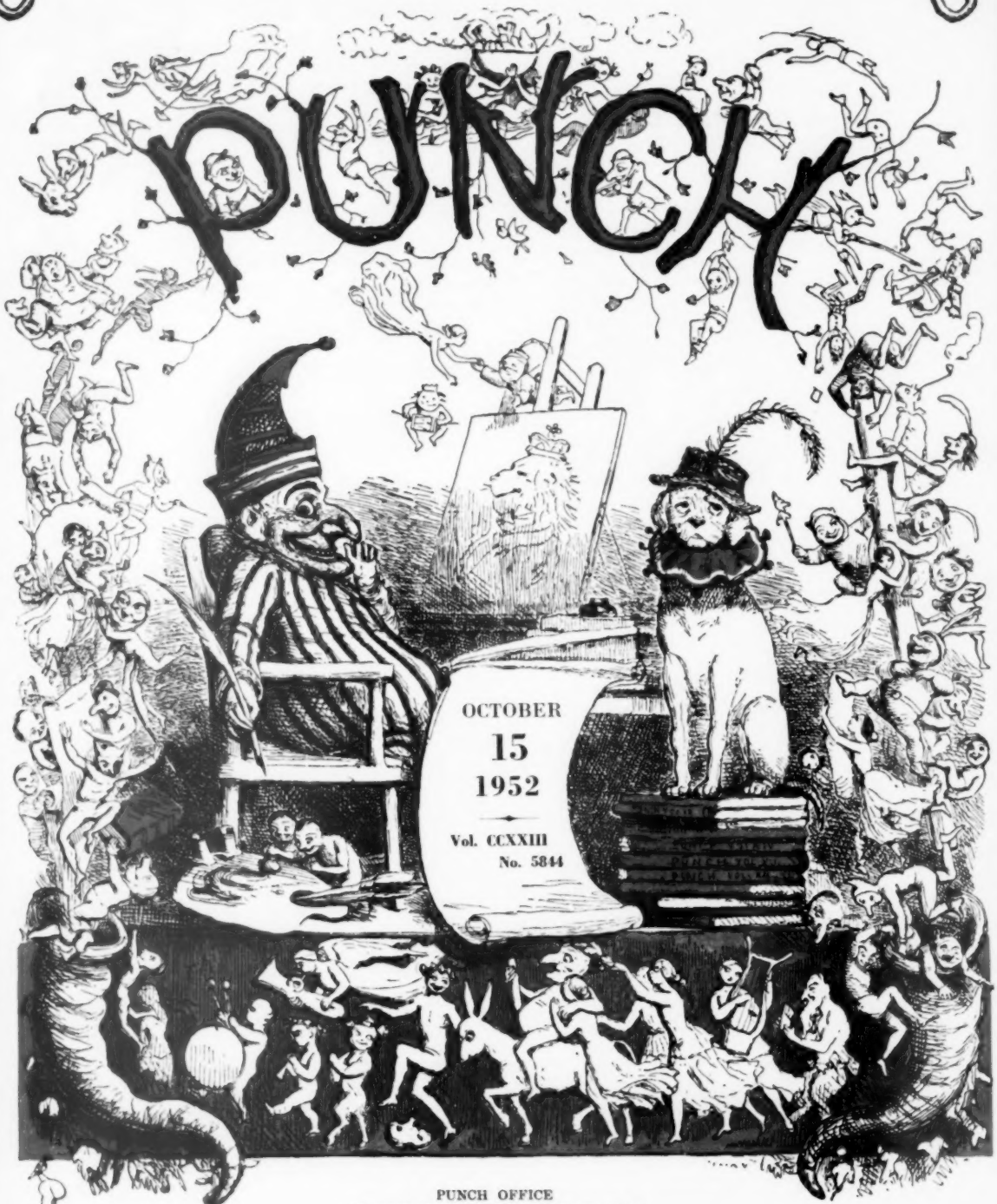


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15 1952

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10, BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

A SPECIAL CASE

Modern packaging challenges the generalisation that goods suffer in transit; it enables us to make each product a special case—a Medway corrugated case, in fact. Specially designed for contents and travelling conditions, the Medway case gives *planned* protection in a form that saves not only space but time; for it is both collapsible and non-returnable. May our Technical Staff state the merits of a special case for your product?

MEDWAY

The case for better packaging

THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD., NEWHYTHE, MAIDSTONE, KENT

London Sales Office: Blackfriars House, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4

DIVISION OF THE **Reed** PAPER GROUP



...and two years' insured life of course...

OLDHAM

THE BATTERY WITH POWER TO SPARE

OLDHAM & SON LTD - DENTON - MANCHESTER
ESTABLISHED 1865

MORE MILES PER GALLON ➡

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VISIT US AT THE EARLS COURT
MOTOR SHOW OCT. 22—NOV. 1
STAND No. 317, AVE. O, 1st FLOOR

WITH AIRCRAFT INSULATOR ➡

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QUICK, CERTAIN STARTING ➡

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A BRITISH PRODUCT ➡

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MADE BY GENERAL MOTORS ➡

AC-SPARKER SPARK PLUG CO. DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LTD. DUNSTABLE, ENGLAND
and Southampton, Hants.

AC SPARK PLUGS



OFFERED AS STANDARD

by over
15 manufacturers

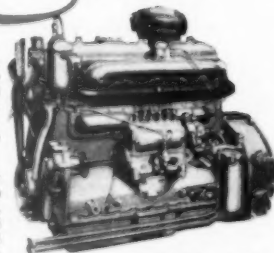
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DIESEL UNITS

OVER 3,500 Diesel Units have been supplied to leading manufacturers in fields ranging from grading and dredging to railways and road laying. These diesel units are now being installed as standard by many of these manufacturers in their products.

Leyland power units are based on the well-known automotive type of engines with ratings from 65/125 h.p. and being manufactured from standard vehicle parts, spares can be obtained "off the shelf" at any Leyland Service Department throughout the world.

Please ask for further details.



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Export Division: HANOVER HOUSE,
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'Slumber Lounge'
Comfort



Above: All the comfort of your own favourite armchair, as you gaze at many fascinating lands on your way.

At right: A touch of a button—and you can lean back for a restful 'forty winks' at any time of the day.



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 CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND



Pola 79/9



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Kayak 65/-

**It's warmer inside
the sheepskin inside**



Follow the sheepskin into Clarks Eskimos—ankle-deep, calf-deep, knee-deep in luxury. Tall **ALASKA**, in suede or leather, smooth and graceful as a ski. Sleek suede **POLA**, tippet-topped with fur. **IGLOO**, trim and ankle-cosy, zipped to a close fit. Or **KAYAK**, an Eskimo with more than one fashion point—two at the back, one at the front and a who-minds-winter look. Who does—in Clarks Eskimos?



Alaska
In Suede 79/9
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Nearest Shop? write CLARKS, Dept. J.7, Street, Somerset—and ask for an illustrated leaflet

Fadeless linens in lovely colours, cotton repps for curtains and chairs



Send for samples
of the colour ranges
of both fabrics,
and the name of your
nearest dealer
to (Department S.4)
Old Bleach Furnishings Ltd
Randalstown, N. Ireland



**Glad morning—
glad waking!**

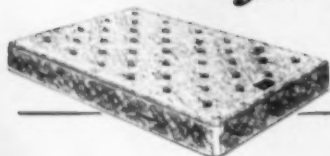
You wake happy when you wake from
deep, dreamless Slumberland sleep.

There's such comfort in the Slumberland
of today. Ortho-flex springing gives these new
non-utility mattresses even deeper resilience; it
responds instantly to your every change of position.
All night long, however you lie, Slumberland cradles
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There's a lifetime of better sleep in a

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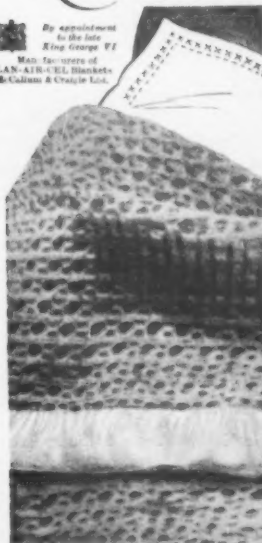
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it is your five year guarantee



LAN-AIR-CEL
The original cellular blanket
GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS

By appointment
to the late
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Made in
LAN-AIR-CEL Blankets
McCallum & Craigie Ltd.

all lightness and
warmth and
fleecy softness



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QUEEN MARY, QUEEN ELIZABETH
and CARONIA, and in B.O.A.C.
STRATOCRUISERS you find the
very perfection of comfort—
including LAN-AIR-CEL, the origi-
nal cellular blankets. Woven
for warmth and lightweight com-
fort, from the purest Scotch
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and they'll keep their fleecy
quality for a lifetime. A wise
investment for any family, and a
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in lovely pastel shades & cream
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light...'*

Nothing else can equal the
diaphanous beauty of flowers
displayed on a R.E.A.L.
Plinth. This lovely light,
flowing softly upwards,
reveals the delicate charm of
each petal and adds a mys-
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This Plinth has a classical
dignity of design. It is beau-
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soft pastel shades, gilt lustre
or eggshell black. Mounted
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damage to furniture, it is
fitted with a porcelain lamp-
holder and three yards of
flexible cord. The diffusing
glass is strong enough to
carry any vase or bowl.

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Tax paid, from most good
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Shooting stick with large
comfortable leather seat
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£8 9 3



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Various colours. £39 10 0



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with new refrigeration section.
Various colours.
Also obtainable in basket form.
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Gentleman's suit case
in coach hide leather,
with separate inner
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fitted adjustable loops
for toilet accessories.
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COOK'S
KNIFE**



**UTILITY
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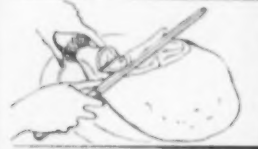
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**CARVING
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**STEAK
SLICER**



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SLICER**

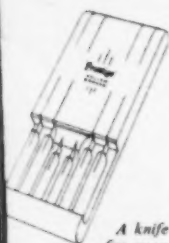
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Stainless Sheffield steel blades, hollow-ground to magnificent sharpness . . . balance and comfort in the stylish handles of rose-wood or pastel cream . . . a lifetime's carving, cutting, paring and peeling in those razor-keen edges. Choose holder sets or individual pieces at your store.

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*A knife
for every
purpose in this
6-piece holder set.*

Try it for a change...

and you'll buy it

as a habit...

HARDEN'S TEA

HARDEN'S CEYLON TEA 4/6 per lb.

HARDEN'S GREEN LABEL TEA . . 5/4 per lb.

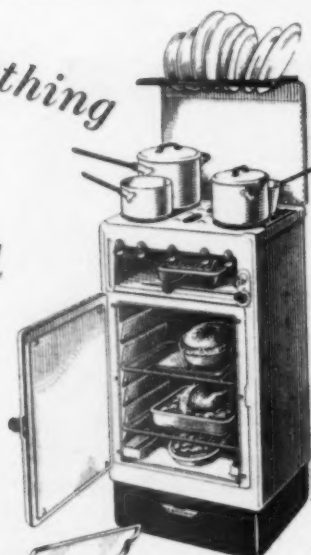
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*Everything
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The cooker every woman wants

Available at your local Gas Showrooms



A bird in hand!

When the meat ration has been eaten . . .
or unexpected guests arrive . . . or you're too tired to
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giving yourself a special treat . . . you'll be thankful
you've got Shippam's Chicken Breasts or Chicken Fillets
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Acknowledged the best

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We've been honoured by visits from Royalty . . .
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the excellent ingredients we use . . . the efficiency
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Parties up to 5 or 6 are always welcome without appointment
(Not larger parties, please; too many visitors
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This is our daily supply of plump, fresh chickens

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He will be glad to explain how Remington Rand's wide range of business machines, systems and equipment can help you to achieve new standards of speed, simplicity and accuracy in office administration.

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★ Three times as warm as its weight in wool, the quilted Tropicline lining is clipped-in-and-out in seconds!

**Wear a
WARMLITE**
TAILORED WEATHERCOAT

-you'll live in it!

Robert Hirst

"A master stroke in weathercoat styling," says Len Hutton.

If your local stockist does not yet stock, write to—
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n.d.s.520



Oh, oh, — DRY SCALP

Dry, lifeless, untidy hair — just generally scruffy. Dry Scalp is enough to put anyone off. If you look like this you need 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic right away!

Scruffy hair looks awful!

You can easily end DRY SCALP

IS YOUR HAIR DRY, lifeless, untidy, brittle? Do you find flakes of dandruff in your parting, on your collar? Then ten to one Dry Scalp has got you!

But take hope — a 20-second daily massage with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic ends Dry Scalp. (Remember — don't rub; work it in gently, moving the whole scalp.)

This economical hair dressing makes your hair look better, makes your scalp feel better. Get some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today! 2/9d. and 4/3d. (inc. tax).



That 20-second daily massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic certainly does make a difference. Your scalp feels better, and your hair looks better, when you end Dry Scalp. Get a bottle today!



Vaseline HAIR TONIC
THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

(181-43)

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THE MAIN WAY TO SAVE GAS

The hotplate on a MAIN Gas Cooker is fitted with most efficient burners for boiling, simmering and grilling, and the oven-heat is automatically controlled by the patent Mainstat. The enamel surfaces are very easy to keep clean and the gas taps cannot be turned on accidentally.



See the latest models at your Gas Showrooms

Q4

This shirt can stand a MAN'S life... and still look smart




because it has
1 spare collar
2 spare cuffs

Whether the collars are separate or attached, you get one extra and two spare cuffs. Just keep them and when your attached collars or cuffs wear out, send the extras together with your shirt to us via your PLUSMORE retailer and we will sew them neatly on for you. PLUSMORES are Rigmel shrunk with soft or "Trubenised" collars as desired. They are generous for size and look what they are—a fine MAN'S shirt made of fine lasting materials.

Ask your Stockist for PLUSMORE Shirts by ATLAS. If any difficulty, write for the PLUSMORE Brochure and the name of a nearby retailer.

PLUSMORE
Shirts

Manufactured by
ROBERT R. BUCK & SONS, LTD.
ATLAS WORKS, CARLISLE

"For thirty years

I have used my Veldtschoen for golf, shooting and everyday use. They are still perfectly water-tight and the uppers show no sign of wear. A doctor of course cannot go about his work in shabby shoes."

2/4 52



NOW
105/-

LOTUS Veldtschoen

The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

LOTUS LTD
STAFFORD



In all things...

there is *only*
ONE BEST



Choose

BOOTH'S



Look for the gin in the six-sided bottle
and take home a bottle to-day

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.

Bottle 33/9 - Half Bottle 17/7 - Quarter Bottle 9/2 - Miniature 3/7

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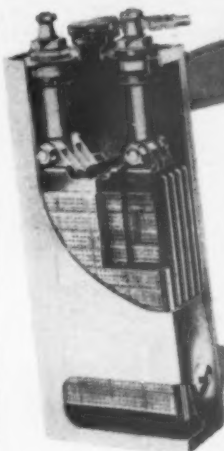
Overcoats

We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

MOSS BROS

OF COVEN'T GARDEN
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Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2. Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES



**Your
fork trucks
need Nife**

BATTERIES OF STEEL

Repay their original cost many times over!

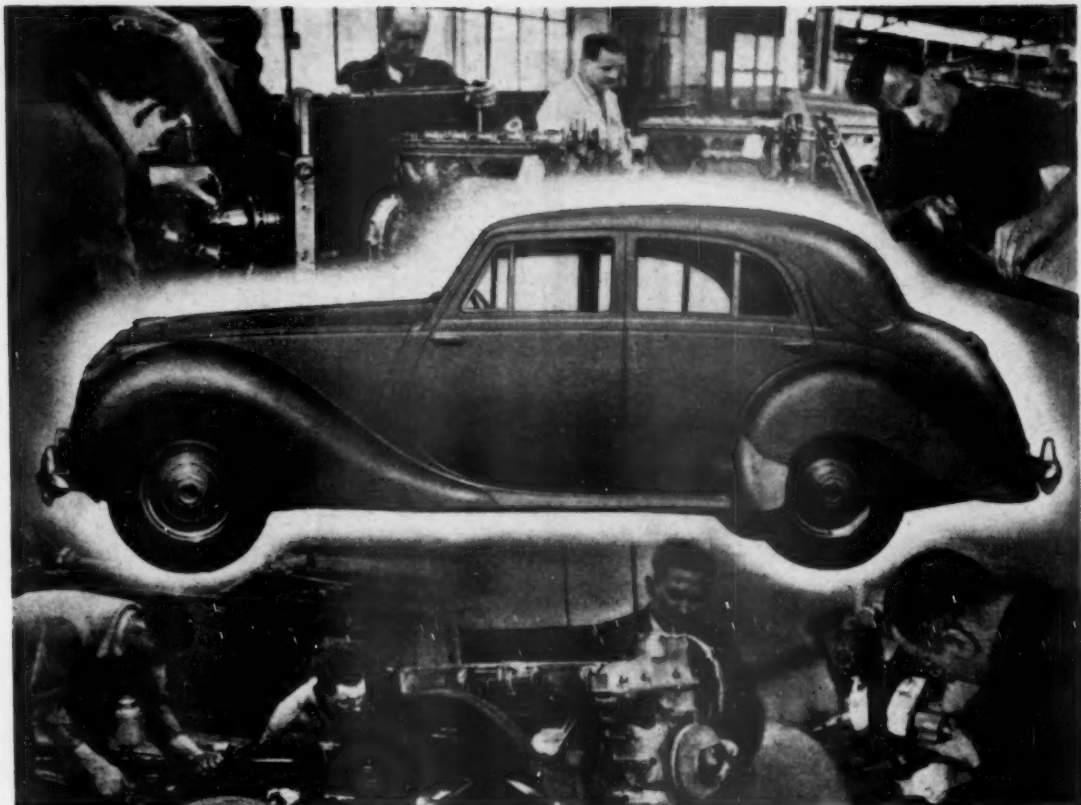
Made of steel—container and plates—a Nife battery has great mechanical strength. The almost inert electrolyte is actually a steel preservative, so no deterioration, no self-discharge and no corrosion of terminals. In addition a Nife will withstand the heaviest rates of discharge. Maintenance costs are practically nil. Install a Nife—years and years of trouble-free service will repay you handsomely for your investment. (N.B.—Nife batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

Steel construction
for long life
Complete reliability
Low maintenance costs

NIFE

STEEL BATTERIES

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The specialists who build the Lagonda . . .

THERE IS, forgive the understatement, a knack in making the thoroughbred motor car. So it's a rare feather in the cap of the David Brown Companies that the present Lagonda—the first they designed and produced—has won such golden opinions. Yet this isn't the first time the David Brown Companies have brought together specialists from vastly different branches of engineering, and achieved superior results in a new sphere. Take, for instance, the dramatic improvement in the technique of producing steel castings achieved by the foundries at Penistone. Today nearly all our

aircraft constructors rely on David Brown Castings. The Comet and Canberra have them.

Another pioneering—and timely—coup is the virtual creation, in a few years, of a new British industry—the manufacture of heavy-duty oilfield, pipeline and refinery equipment. Now David Brown Foundries export equipment to South America, Iraq, Holland and Italy.

The engineer who knows "David Brown means gears," or the farmer who contends that the name stands for tractors, will be particularly pleased to hear of these new developments. There are now sixteen of

THE DAVID BROWN COMPANIES

An alliance of engineering specialists in gearing, steel & bronze castings, automobiles, and agricultural tractors & machinery.

DAVID BROWN & SONS (HUDDERSFIELD) LTD.
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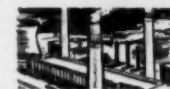
AGRICULTURE: 6 Tractors (including the well-known David Brown Trackmaster and Cropmaster) and 60 implements, covering every need of the modern mechanised farm.



AIRCRAFT: David Brown Steel and Bronze Castings are helping Britain to lead in aircraft development, and are used in such world-renowned machines as the Brabazon, the Comet, and the Canberra jet bomber.



OIL: David Brown are supplying main valve castings of a type never before built outside the United States, for the Iraq Petroleum Company's new 30-inch, 700 mile pipeline.



ELECTRICITY: The demand for David Brown Gear Units for land turbine installations in Great Britain alone probably exceeds that of all other makers combined. These units are of particular importance in the efficient operation of Power Stations.

—more and more say SAS



Relax with SAS



... after an important business conference — a welcoming smile and personal attention to your needs—makes all the difference to your flight. Scandinavians are world renowned for hospitality and SAS proudly upholds this tradition.

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BOOKINGS THROUGH TRAVEL AGENTS

After Dinner Speeches . .

"At the outset I want to reassure you I am not this size really. Oh dear, no! I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here . . ."

G. K. CHESTERTON



an

"Embassy"

cigar speaks for itself



Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS

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SEVILLE CATHEDRAL, SPAIN—
From the Plaza de "San Pedro" in the Alcazar.

Spain's rich heritage of fine architecture is exemplified by the magnificence of Seville Cathedral. Equally noteworthy are the sherries of Spain. **DRY SACK**—an outstanding example—in matured, bottled and shipped by Williams & Humbert to the leading markets of the world.



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What's afoot today?

or Soliloquy Spaniellesque



Reading from the top

The 'Bute' waterproof veldtschoen

The 'Glenwood' in brown reversed calf, crepe sole and heel

The 'Chetwynd' full brogue in black or brown calf or brown reversed calf

The 'Diplomat' in brown or black calf

The 'Chamberlain' in brown or black calf

Master's out of the bath and he's whistling 'It's a lovely day today.' So he won't wear the Oxfords,

they're only for town. Is it half-brogues and walks, past my favourite wallow — or full brogues and golf, while I guard the car? If it's suedes it's the grandstand, with me on his lap — and the veldtschoens mean pheasants, or my sire was a poodle. Come what may, it's a two-tail day. For master's a man who does nothing by halves. Whatever's on hand — fitting shoes are afoot.



The last retrieve of a glorious day
(slippers from 26/6 upwards)

Church's famous English shoes

Made in many styles on a variety of lasts: prices from 88/6 upwards. Church's agents should have your fitting. If not, they'll get it for you. For nearest address write CHURCH & CO. LTD., DUKE STREET, NORTHAMPTON

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GUARDIAN
now
carries news on
the front page

FROM NOW ON, there will be news on the front page of the Manchester Guardian. And it will be *news*—not hysterical headlines.

You may wonder why the Manchester Guardian is changing thus; or, perhaps, why it did not happen before. The reason for the change is that the Manchester Guardian is more and more becoming a national newspaper. Less than a third of its readers now live in Greater Manchester. And so a front page consisting of classified advertisements of local interest will no longer do.

Let us assure those who abhor change that the character and 'flavour' of the Manchester Guardian will not in any way alter. The Manchester Guardian will remain as witty and as wise as ever.

Those who are not familiar with the Manchester Guardian should get to know it. It is one of the few great newspapers which it is a real pleasure to read.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

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DRYAD?



The Very Dry Australian **SHERRY**

No? But you should! DRYAD offers you that rare experience—a sherry of acknowledged excellence at a below-average price. DRYAD is a pale, very dry wine that has been soundly matured in wood to establish the characteristic flavour and finish of a fine "flor" sherry.

DRYAD
Australian Sherry

15/6 a bottle

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Just a spot
..lathers
a lot..

★ Ingram users enjoy comfortable quick shaves, followed by a reassuring, menthol-cool freshness. For Ingram's plentiful lather combines its own face lotion. Share their pleasure by trying Ingram for yourself! You'll find Ingram a great comfort—both to your face and pocket.



*combines its
own face lotion*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

52/17

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST



Precision makes perfect

Only watches of exceptional precision may be called 'Chronometers'. The standard of precision which they must attain is set by astronomical observatories and by Official Rating Bureaux under the control of the Swiss Government. Every watch under their supervision must pass the most severe tests over a fifteen day period before it is qualified to receive a Rating Certificate and the title "Chronometer".

The C 180 SC wrist chronometer illustrated is supplied with such a Rating Certificate. The heavy 18 ct. English-hallmarked gold case, designed by leading craftsmen, houses the famous Omega 30 mm. movement, and is enhanced by a quietly distinguished dial bearing solid gold figures and hands. Price £85.

OMEGA

OMEGA RECORDS OLYMPIC ACHIEVEMENTS

Since 1932 Omega Time has decided the athletic event of the world—the Olympic Games. Again in 1952 at Helsinki Omega were exclusively entrusted with the official timing of the Games.



*Sharps
the word!*

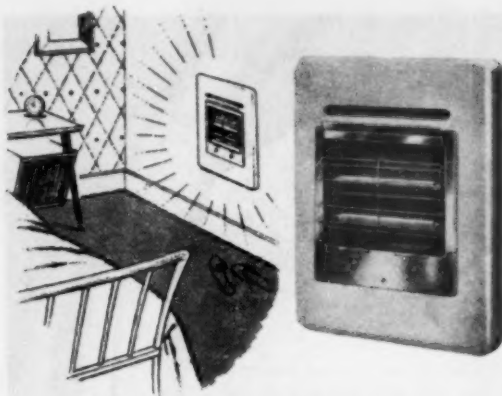
Sharps

The word for Toffee



EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
of Maidstone
"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"





Weathering the winter

Britain's winter can be borne cheerfully and comfortably in several ways. One can, for instance, leave the country for a warmer climate. Alternatively, and with far less trouble and expense, one can invest in a Solectra heater.

Solectra heaters are made by Bratt Colbran Limited and there are models for every part of the house—panel fires like the one shown here which needs no surround; a handy portable model; flood heaters for nursery or bathroom; convectors for hall or landing. Ask for them at your local dealers or Electricity Showrooms—and don't forget to say SOLECTRA!

Bratt Colbran 'Solectra' heaters

London showrooms: 10 Mortimer Street, London, W. 1.
Scottish showrooms: A. Caldwell Young & Son, 200 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C. 2.
Northern Ireland: J. C. Holland & Co. Ltd., 48 Bedford Street, Belfast.

2 ways to a WARMER WINTER!



To warm your home or office comfortably from Autumn onwards is going to be a problem for two reasons. Not only will fuel supplies and every other kind of heating be both scarce and dear. But sadder still will be the inevitable loss of much of the warmth you do obtain—thrown away and wasted long before you can make full use of it.

Why should this happen? Simply because heat can escape from a building in various ways almost as quickly as it is created. The two main routes are *through draughty doors and windows* and, because warm air always rises—*through the roof!*

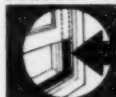
What a needless waste of precious heat and fuel! How can it be prevented?

DRAUGHT-EXCLUSION by HERMESEAL will drastically reduce the heavy loss through badly fitting doors and windows; efficient **ROOF-INSULATION** by HERMESEAL will contain the warmth so saved. Together they will conserve so much more heat from present fuel supplies and make your home a better place to live in.

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thoroughly, with a sense of responsibility that has been common to the people of Newton Chambers for generations. *At Newton Chambers every present-day development is inspired by 159 years of service to the community.*

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INDICATIONS in a recent survey, that Britain is settling into the sea at a rate of two feet every hundred years, should end all that wild talk about America using it as an unsinkable aircraft-carrier.

avoid last year's delays and deficiencies in equipment. An assurance from the senior Staff Officer at the advanced headquarters of the British Commonwealth Forces declaring that "by December every man in the division will be fully winterized" seems to have the situation summarized.

Something of the Kind, Anyway

"ACTORS SAVE MAN ON CLIFF"

Just by talking
A company of actors stood until dawn yesterday under a cliff ledge, reciting lines from a play to a man trapped 300 feet up. . . . The climber, Johannes Witte, 25-year-old teacher at Forest Row, Sussex, found that he could move neither up nor down. . . . Along came a company of touring players. One shone his car headlights on Witte, and throughout the night the actors took it in turns reciting to him excerpts from 'The Old Rustic Bridge,' their current production. . . . At dawn, Laurence Bolger, 40-year-old boatman, and Patrick Bass, 25-year-old salesman, went down to Witte on ropes and the exhausted man was hauled 70 feet up the cliff face."—*News Chronicle*

"SERGEANT AID CLIFF RESCUE"

Talked all night
A police-sergeant talked all night to a young German, Johannes Witte, whom he helped to rescue from a Wicklow mountain ledge this morning. Witte is a student, visiting Eire with Jurgen Klasing, from Bremen. He started to climb the Langduff mountain, and on reaching a ledge 250 feet up found he could neither go on nor return. It was dark when Sgt. J. Wickham set out in a boat with Klasing, who is not a mountain climber, and found Witte. The sergeant talked to him through Klasing so that Witte should not go to sleep on the ledge. At daybreak, two men climbed the face of the cliff and lowered the student into the boat."—*Daily Telegraph*

"SPLITS" ARE NEWS, SAYS BEVAN

Evening News headline

They're usually accompanied by a roll on the drum, anyway.

It is understood that Government propagandists are to cash in on hints of an early end to rationing by launching a nation-wide Scissors-for-Scrap campaign.

Wax, Elastic Vote to Swing Poll?

"Assuming an average of three admirers per record, it is clear that a coalition of Kostelanets fans could elect a President of the United States."—*Advertisement in the New Yorker*

"There are enough men wearing Paris Belts, Suspenders, Garters to elect the next President easily."

Advertisement in the (same) New Yorker

Detailed reports of preparations for clothing our men in Korea against the approaching cold weather make it clear that every endeavour is being made to

Laboriously phrased directions enclosed with British made toys, such as "Glue part marked No. 1 to underside of part marked No. 2, making sure that the glue is tacky," are said by a British salesman lately returned from New York to discourage American



parents from buying them. British parents, despite anything Mr. Stalin may recently have suggested to the contrary, will see in this yet one more indication of basic Anglo-American accord.

In discussions on the fifth Five Year Plan now in progress at the nineteenth Communist Party Congress, Russian leaders, it is said, are attaching great importance to "directing her men of genius towards the hitherto untapped resources of Siberia." This, of course, is just what so many of her men of genius are afraid of.

A news item in a Californian paper, the *Burlingame Advance-Star*, says that "Ford Foundation has allotted five million dollars to study methods by which schools can raise funds to build video stations." It is understood that among the methods to receive priority study is that of inducing the Ford Foundation to allot funds to build video stations for schools.

Mustafa Nahas, the expelled leader of the Wafd party, said recently "All that is said about the Wafd is part of an organized campaign." For the benefit of future historians it should be explained that in the twentieth century "an organized campaign" is a term of abuse. The correct counter-pharase is "so-called"; General Neguib need only refer, in the next speech in his organized campaign, to "this so-called Wafd" for honours to be even.

A new book on athletics compares the speed of men and women, declaring that "the best woman would need one hundred and seventy yards' start to beat the best man over half a mile." But we'd back her to catch the groom from scratch.

"Americans Think British-made Cycles Are Tops."
Southern Daily Echo

Back to the drawing-board, chaps.

DON'T DILLY-DALI ON THE WAY

OVER the windy railway bridge and around two blackened brick corners you will find Fenn Street, which smells of train-smoke all the year. If you want to buy a second-hand toothbrush or a big brown picture called "Saved!" you couldn't go to a better place, and will probably fall over exactly what you are looking for, on the crowded pavement. Any space along the gutter not taken up by forlornly exiled mattresses and chairs is occupied by nomadic barrows displaying lovely plums, only

fourpence a half; real West End nylons, and awesome white basins of what their sellers describe all too accurately as jellied ills.

Half-way down the smoked street there is a congested window which I can only call an experience. Ignoring the terrible chills seeping up from an unsavoury cellar, I stand wobbling attentively on a loose iron grating, paying silent tribute to the surrealism of J. Nello, Prop., who likes to keep fish-knives in bedroom slippers.

You never know what to expect,

for, restless as the sea, Nello keeps turning the flotsam and jetsam of London over and over, so that one day you may be moved by the wistful poetry of a pair of pale blue satin ballet shoes dangling captive in a wicker birdcage, and the next you will admire the fine sense of etiquette evinced by the dainty paper doily in the centre of which Nello places somebody's teeth.

Of course, like all artists, Nello has his off-days. I remember a hot morning when the best he could offer was a silver soup tureen full of suspenders; but when the weather turned there was a heartening production starring grey bowler hats and toasting forks set against a broad blue and coral canvas showing Vesuvius in a good mood, the whole crowned by an unexpected bowl of live goldfish poised on a photographer's tripod.

Although one might legitimately expect Nello himself to have a broken white marble column for a head, or a serene summer sky glimpsed through a round hole in his waistcoat, he is just a grey-haired,



friendly squeaker, with delicate little hands which he keeps close to his lapels.

With the hospitality of an Oriental merchant, Nello offers you sweets while he examines the unwanted bric-à-brac you are trying to sell him. He is so short-sighted that, rotating the object very near his body, he gives the impression of massaging his chest with it—an exercise macabre in the extreme when involving the topless human skull for which he recently gave me eight-and-nine. (He could have made me a better price, he squeaked, if it had had a proper top.)

I had a real brainwave last week when I came across a modern painting I had bought in haste and never liked since. This good-sized canvas portrayed something directly up Nello's street: a big white hand lying all alone in the middle of a chess board, with striped tulips growing out of its fingers.

"Thirty shillings at the very least," I prophesied greedily as I struggled over the railway bridge against the wind. Trains shrieked sadly, and it began to rain horizontally, but I pressed on past the wet barrows to my surrealist shrine. Then, dumping the painting down on Nello's counter between my erstwhile skull and a pair of spats, I said, triumphantly, "How about this?"

Nello hugged the white hand against his chest and squinted inquiringly at it. Rain ticked on the crowded window, and I waited smugly for his offer.

Slowly he lowered the painting to the floor. "I'm afraid not, this time," he said apologetically. "You see, it's what I'd call too macabber. But have a toffee before you go," he added kindly, passing me the skull.

GERALDINE BUSSEY

Next Week's Punch

The issue for October 22, which coincides with the opening of the Motor Show, will have a special coloured cover and will contain a section devoted to motors and motoring. Its price will be sixpence as usual.



THE STAIRCASE

DOWN the great stairs so quietly she went

(Indeed, more softly than that lady trod

Whose path was carpeted by Yeats's dreams)

That soundless was her footfall. Even so,

In all the dignity of her descent

She might have been

Some proud, majestic queen

Who passed to hold her court in that vast hall

Where thronged the eager multitude below.

So might have walked some girl of long ago

Who wore her crinoline with artless poise

And brought her loveliness to grace the ball,

Her bright eyes glistening in candle-gleams.

In point of actual fact her feet were shod

With hefty brogues, which would have made a noise

Had not the owners of that mammoth store

Imported carpets opulently thick

And thus contrived effectively to drown

That sort of sound. She hated walking, but

The only escalator had gone phut;

So when—upon the Sports and Hardware Floor,

Her lift-ward queue position being second—

The richly-uniformed attendant beckoned,

Announcing: "One more only, going down!"

She sought the stairs, for had she not been quick

She would have found the Bargain Basement shut.

WHERE DID THAT ONE COME FROM?

MY two favourite passages on the birth and use of words are these. When Mark Twain first travelled in the Wild West (he tells us in *Roughing It*) the food supplied to coach travellers at wayside stations was not as good as it possibly is to-day. Of the drink commonly served he writes: "It really pretended to be tea, but there was too much dish-rag, and sand, and old bacon rind in it to deceive the intelligent traveller." The man who poured out this beverage called it *slumgullion*, "and it is hard to think he was not inspired when he named it."

The second passage comes from *The Wrecker*, by R. L. Stevenson:

"Just run your eye over it," said Jim Pinkerton to Loudon Dodd in San Francisco. "PINKERTON'S HEBDOMADARY PICNICS! that's a good catching phrase, Hebdomadary, though it's hard to say. I made a note of it when I was looking in the dictionary how to spell hectagonal. 'Well, you're a boss word,' I said, 'before you're very much older I'll have you in type as long as yourself!'"

The result was that Pinkerton water picnic parties became known as the Dromedary, and Loudon Dodd, who conducted them, was thereafter called Dromedary Dodd.

These quotations are relevant when one dashes through the pages of a quickfire dictionary on the origin of words used in our present language, words short or long, ancient or modern, established or vernacular, often with no more than a couple of lines apiece, forty perhaps to a page, and all in less than five hundred pages; and such is the daring and lively book that Mr. Ernest Weekley has revised and reissued under the title *Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*.*

A dog is a dog is a dog. So much would have been admitted by the late Gertrude Stein. But a dog is a good deal more distinguished than that on Mr. Weekley's showing.

"Late and rare AS. *doega* (usual word is *hound*), adopted in several European languages in sense of English dog, mastiff (cf. *dogged*). Origin unknown."

Instantly one has the picture of some late and rare Anglo-Saxon king—Penda perhaps, or Offa—sitting in council with his ealdormen, or more likely carousing at an ale feast, and pointing to his favourite mastiff gnawing bones on the rude floor of the wooden banquet-hall. "Henceforward," he says, "that shall no longer be called a hund but a doega." And so it was. But how did the word prevail? By what force of conquest or favour of fancy, by what efforts of publicity was dog induced to prevail over cognate and collateral hounds and chiens, and every variant of Latin or Greek, going back to the old Sanscrit root (you can

call it *kuan*), until dog reigned supreme in this wave-girt isle and had to be exported to the Continent in the form of *bouledogue* if any wretched foreigner needed a name for the thing?

Doubts may arise about this picture, more especially perhaps because Skeat says "not found in AS., but an old Low German word"—(confound their impudence!)"—"Dutch *dog*, a mastiff, Danish *dogge*, a bull-dog," so that it begins to look as if dog is not so much a sheer triumph for Anglo-Saxon genius as a North Atlantic Pact.

But no doubt philologists for the last hundred and fifty years, like other scientists, have been fighting like dogges among themselves.

In passing (and to present another picture), I always think of those old Sanscrits sitting round a cauldron brewing words from aromatic roots, and trying to keep them a mystery. But they are always stolen, perverted, corrupted, carried by traders all over the Western World, and every country has a strange little poison of its own.

How wrong to think of your language as a well of pure water instead of what it really is—a rubbish heap of scatterings and borrowings and distortions, transmutations by sound law and analogy.

"Have a cuppa char."

Cuppa is late Latin. Char (or shall we say *chah*) is the better, more high-class Mandarin Chinese for the vulgar dialect form, which the Dutch originally exported as *te* or *tay* or *tea*.

Mr. Weekley's book is wonderfully all-embracing and up to date, even though the entries are brief:

"Anthony Eden. [neol.] Soft felt hat as worn by statesman of that name."

This seems to me to be a remarkable testimony to Mr. Eden's celebrity, only ranking in the annals of English political history with Brougham, though some might put in a plea for Gladstone, of which *The New English Dictionary* says: "a jocular name for the light French wines, which Gladstone sought to popularize by reduction of the Customs duty in 1860."

The G.O.M. was also a bag, a collar and a travelling carriage. But he was never a hat. EVOE

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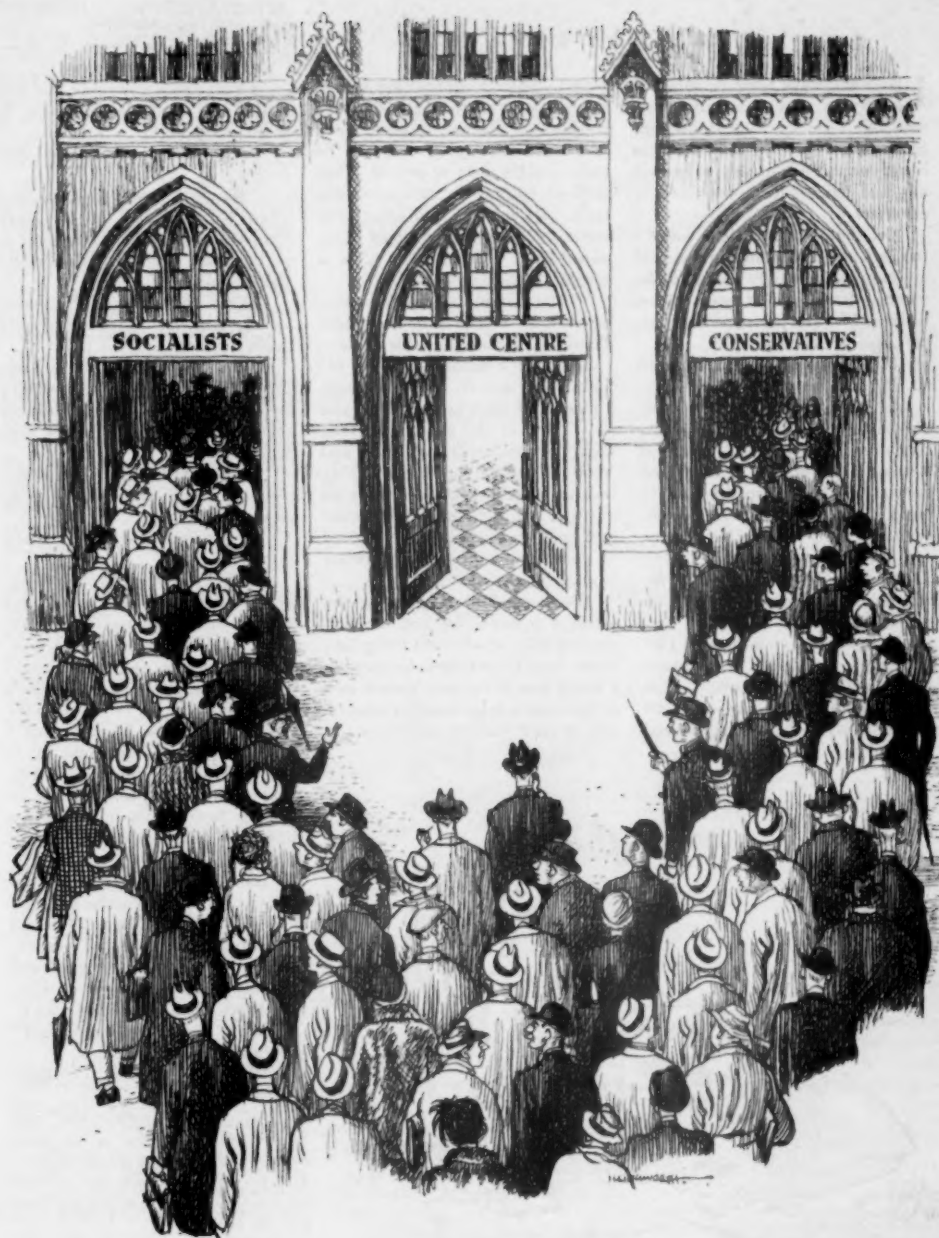
UNANNOUNCED

A visionary suggests that some day we shall travel in projectiles moving far faster than sound.

You may be embarrassed when friends by and by
Drop in from a shell that's been fired through the sky;
You'll know that they're here when they crawl from
the crater,
But any report of their start will come later.

W. K. H.

* Seecker and Warburg, 35/-



THE THIRD DOOR

EXCUSE MY LIMP

I HAVE always tried to think as kindly as possible of my fellow men, but it has been sharply brought home to me recently that they are a self-centred lot, unable to sustain any real interest in the misfortunes of others.

On the first day they weren't too bad. Frilsby, who had watched me hopping manfully along to the morning train, said at once "Got a bad foot?"—and postponed opening his paper to hear my reply.

I grinned bravely and admitted it. It had come on quite suddenly, I told him. Sharp stinging under the ankle-bone, it was, like a thin but blunt red-hot needle. Noticed it when I got up, but didn't think very much about it until I came to put a shoe on. But then—Oo—er. I actually said "Oo—er" to Frilsby, and gave a whimsical wince.

"Rotten," he said, opening his newspaper but keeping an eye on my foot.

As he seemed so interested I let him have a few details of the treatment tried so far. I further took him into my confidence over the varied degrees of suffering caused

by (a) standing, (b) walking and (c) coming down stairs. I told him of a good way I'd found to come down stairs. Also, in case he ever had the same trouble, how to get off a bus without ending up sitting on the kerb. He nodded sympathetically throughout, and folded a page of his paper back without more than a glance at the headlines.

"The curious thing is," I said—we must have been somewhere near Thornton Heath by this time—"that there's nothing to look at; nothing to see, if you follow me. I mean, if I were to show it to you —" But at this point a big man on my left suddenly sprang up and went out into the corridor, knocking another man's basket of apples all over the compartment. When order had been restored Frilsby seemed to have become intensely absorbed in a leading article.

They could be forgiven at the office, I realized, for not noticing my infirmity at all until fairly late in the day. I was unable to suppress a sharp hiss of indrawn breath and an automatic leap to safety when I met Sculler rushing up the stairs

with all the oppressive agility of a man with two sound feet.

"What's up," said Sculler—"see a mouse or something?"

I gave him a wry smile, and said that I was afraid he was going to tread on my foot.

"Have I ever done that?" said Sculler.

"My bad foot," I said, and when I'd explained he was very sympathetic. At least, I thought so at the time. So were Hatch and Farthingale.

"Thin but blunt," repeated Hatch, gravely. "Well, I should think it is 'Oo—er,' at that."

"But nothing much to see, eh?" said Farthingale. He wagged his head thoughtfully. "Touch of gout, I should say, wouldn't you, Sculler?"

"It's when I put my foot to the ground," I said, and showed them, with a muffled cry.

They helped me along to my room.

I kept Frilsby posted on developments every morning for the rest of that week, and on the Friday, when I told him I was seeing a foot-man on Monday morning, he said that it was a pity that I shouldn't be on the train, as he would have liked to hear how I got on; so I promised to bring him right up to date on Tuesday, which he said he would look forward to. But I think he must have taken to catching a different train, because I haven't seen him since.

The foot-man was most interested, as I told Farthingale and Sculler some days later. He said something rather unusual was obviously wrong with my foot, and the only thing was to get a bone-man to see what he could do with it.

"Not a rag-and-bone-man?" said Sculler.

"No, no," I said. "They manipulate. They—"

But both Farthingale and Sculler were late for a luncheon engagement, and, by a coincidence, Hatch, who sauntered up at that moment, recalled that he was late for one too.

During the next week or week-and-a-half my bad foot remained much the same, except for the three

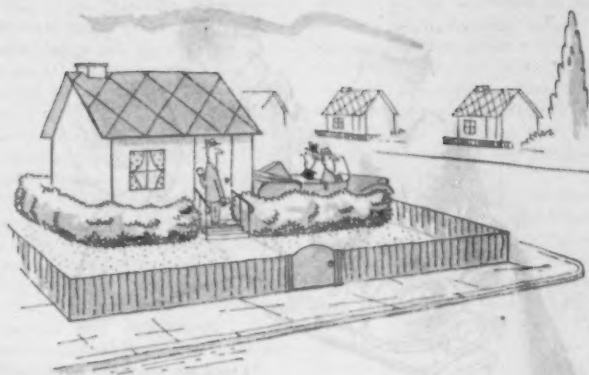


days after the bone-man had had his hands on it. It was, as I told the boy who brings messages from the branch office, an excruciating business. They get hold of you and hold you down and try to break your foot off and send you home in a taxi. After that it's supposed to be cured in a week, but as far as I could see the improvement was absolutely nil. The boy who brings messages from the branch office said "Oh, ah!" and asked me if I'd finished with Bragport's Profit and Loss statement. I hope he gets a bad foot sometime, that's all.

But it was the behaviour of Miss Willerby that suddenly brought home to me the way sympathy over my bad foot had fallen off lately. She came in one morning a few days later when, as a culmination of my daily endeavours to find any position at all endurable, I had contrived to wedge my bad foot in the metal-work of my desk-lamp. My brow, I haven't the least doubt, was furrowed with pain. And all Miss Willerby did was to empty my out-tray and depart as silently as she had come. It seemed odd. I had always thought her the motherly kind. Then, of course, it dawned on me just how much anguish I had suffered in the last week or so without a word of any kind out of Hatch, Farthingale, Sculler and Co.

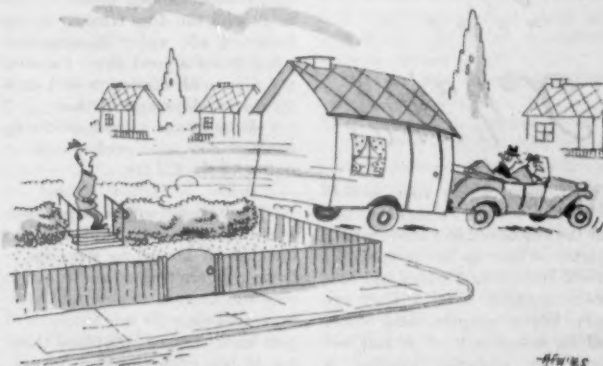
I brooded angrily. Did they assume, because I had fought to keep my groans and grimaces to an absolute minimum, that my foot was any better than it was on that first grim morning? That just because I'd been to the bone-man I was as foot-fit as Arthur Wint? That it was not possible for a bad foot to be as bad for as long as mine was being? Swine, I'd show them!

I took my shoe off, and I turned my sock down a bit to show the edge of the bandage, and I turned my trouser leg up a bit to show the turned-down sock showing the edge of the bandage. Then I ruffled my hair a little, like a man who's near to breaking-point. And I snatched up a sheaf of United Plastics figures and butted open the door and hobbled off down the corridor and charged into H.B.'s room where the whole bunch of them were in



"Would you mind calling in a fortnight's time?"

We're just off on a late . . .



. . . holiday."

conference. And I stood there, on one leg, groaning.

It was H.B. himself who spoke.

"Got a bad foot?" he said.

I winced and sucked in my breath. "H.B.," I said. "Sir, when I—put—this—foot—of—mine—to—the—ground . . ."

And I showed them. I put it to the ground. It didn't hurt a bit. I was cured.

"What do you know?" I cried. "I'm cured!"

That fool Sculler led an ironic cheer. And I suppose I looked a

silly ass. But that doesn't let them out. It would have been all the same to them if I'd still been suffering the torments of the pit.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

"The peculiar look of the English £5 bank note, printed in black on flimsy white paper, much larger than a £1 note. It is not a popular form of currency and people much prefer having £10 in single notes."—*Auckland Star*

Or even £20 in silver.



X pairs of hands

"MY usual rising time is 6.45 but to-day I overslept, this put the household in a muddle for a quarter of hour as my people visit Yeovil Market on Fridays and that means an early start. They are very heavy sleepers, and would still be asleep now, if it had not been the postman needing a registered letter signed for.

"Breakfast time and a very cross baby, although she is only sixteen months old, she will eat at least two rashers of bacon . . .

"We both needed a wash, the next headache was how to stop baby from putting talc, flannels, sponge, etc., down the toilet . . ."

(Extract from a letter written by a young domestic worker to her former tutor at the National Institute of Houseworkers.)

"One asset I have improved is my speed . . . I dislike washing pans after lunch so try to use no more than two pans and maybe a roasting tin. I am also less impatient and count ten when I am annoyed . . .

"I took the boys to Church and they sat either side of me with faces shining with soap and water and hair flattened with their daddie's hair cream. I really do love taking them out with me . . .

"I enjoy many things in my leisure time walking in the nearby fields with the dogs trotting at my heels. I also enjoy dancing and going to see a good film. I choose my films with discretion as I save up for holidays and clothes . . ."

(Extract from a letter written by another domestic worker—also a trainee of the N.I.H.)

Many people will be surprised to learn that domestic workers (who used to be known as servants or domestics) are trained and tutored: they will be even more surprised to learn that since the war hundreds of girls have received vocational training at the public expense in residential colleges of domestic science.

It has been argued by know-all males that most housework is unnecessary, bureaucratically repetitious and wasteful, and that it is usually done very inefficiently ("My dear, you're merely transferring the dust from the mantelpiece to the top of the wireless." "Now my method of doing a simple job like washing-up is to . . ."); and the theory has been propounded, by class-conscious tub-thumpers, that all domestic service is "unproductive" and "anti-social" since it allows the idle well-to-do to live as parasites. It has also been argued, and much more cogently and sensibly, that such work is valuable to

the nation because it releases women (and men) for more important work.

In 1931 there were more than a million domestic workers in Britain—one able-bodied woman in every fifteen. But by 1948 the number had fallen to less than half a million, and in 1952 it is less than 400,000. Does this reflect changes in supply or in demand? Are there now, in the new social set-up brought about by redistribution of income (heavy taxation and welfare services), fewer families rich enough to afford domestic help? No. The facts are that more people than ever can afford occasional help in the home—the convenient "woman who does for me twice a week," or the "absolute treasure who comes in on Fridays." The demand for retinues has undoubtedly fallen off, but more woman-hours of domestic service are needed than ever before.

So there is a shortage of workers, and nothing, not even a rapid improvement in the supply of labour-saving gadgets or a dramatic change of heart and attitude in



husbands (men-not-in-aprons division), will do much to relieve it.

The main reason for the shortage is the poor status of the domestic worker. In the past "service" was grudgingly accepted as the only alternative to poverty and want. Many women regarded the "dole" as preferable to work on this the lowest rung of the social ladder, even though the work itself was infinitely more interesting than routine jobs in factories, shops and offices. Domestic workers were unorganized, worked long hours (a sixty-hour week was not uncommon) were poorly paid and had little chance of advancement. A blind-alley occupation. According to an International Labour Office report* domestic service "was regarded as an occupation for those of lower than average intelligence; the workers were often despised by their employers . . . and cut off from the community by their restricted leisure time; for them there were no maximum working hours, no standards of pay and no standards of accommodation."

Such improvement as there has been during the last few years is chiefly the result of the patient

* *The Status of Domestic Work in the United Kingdom*

work of the National Institute of Houseworkers, a Government-sponsored body set up in 1946. At Harrow, the other day, I was able to see something of the Institute's work. Forty girls (all boarders) were taking part in an eight-months course of practical training. Their work included health education, household management, cooking, laundering, needlework, social studies, English and general education. The atmosphere of the centre was excellent: the girls in their smart uniforms looked confident, cheerful and industrious. Self-respect glowed from bright eyes and cheeks.

At the end of the course these girls will be placed in selected households as apprentices, and after a year of trial and error will return to the centre to take the Institute's diploma examination. Successful students become associate members of the N.I.H.

In no job are the relations between employer and employee more difficult to define. In the factory, work proceeds smoothly and mechanically according to the clock, the belt conveyor, standard practice and union rule; but even in the best regulated of households work varies from day to day, and

routine can be shattered at any moment by a teething infant, a chance visitor or a blown fuse. It follows that there can be no binding contract to cover the precise terms and conditions of employment. Goodwill and "give and take" are essential if employer and employee are to work amicably.

The N.I.H. makes perfectly clear to employers what it regards as minimum standards. For example, workers should have one and a half days or three half-days a week free, a fortnight's paid holiday a year, a room of their own ("Employer's property should not be stowed in the worker's bedroom"), facilities for entertaining friends and access to the bathroom. In most cases it is not necessary, thank goodness, to remind the employers of such obvious duties and responsibilities. In most homes domestic workers are treated with kindness and consideration—but there are exceptions, and these youngsters must be protected.

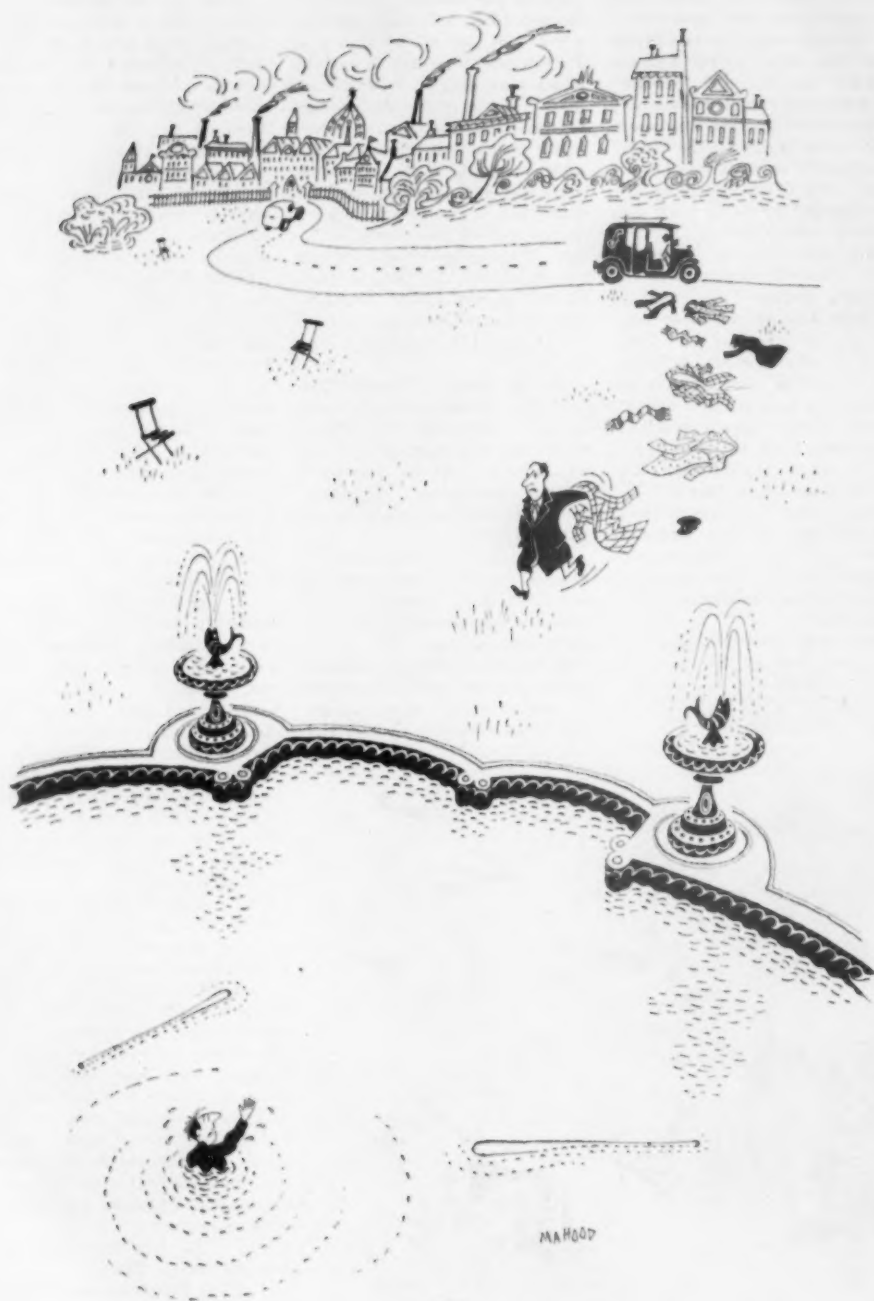
So far the scheme has been extremely successful. Employers have been delighted with the quality and speed of the work done by this new generation of new-look houseworkers; and, what is even more important, the girls themselves have found happiness in their jobs. "I would never go back," one of them writes (and she is typical), "to my old job as shop assistant, the fun one can have living in a household is beyond imagination until experienced."

There is, unfortunately, a bleaker side to the picture. The latest economy measures have included a severe cut in the Government's grant to the N.I.H., and this has meant that its activities have been curtailed. All the training centres, with the exception of the Harrow establishment, have now been closed down, and there is a real danger that the pioneering work of the Institute will be forgotten. There remains the hope and the possibility that the Local Authorities will now step in and continue this enlightened social experiment.

All L.A.s will now take the necessary action, please.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





THE MERSEY RIVER BOARD

DISTURBING FACTS

IT had been hoped to spare the Mersey River Board the obloquy of a public inquiry. The facts, however, can no longer be concealed. It is a truism among civil engineers that the Board's hydrographs will stand comparison with any in England, that its calibration of level recorders is beyond reproach, that only a pantopragmatic would call its isohyetal diagrams in question. This is splendid work, for which the warm-hearted people of Lancashire are not slow to express their gratitude. Nevertheless, a lot of very unsatisfactory effluents are being discharged into rivers within the area of the Board and in due course we shall have to decide what measures to recommend. First, however, let us hear the Board's side of the case and consider whether there are any mitigating circumstances which should be taken into account. We think perhaps there are.

Like the majority of private persons the Board is unable to adapt itself to the ways of the National Coal Board. Further and continuing difficulties exist, its annual report declares, and have for some time existed, "in arriving at a satisfactory working arrangement with the National Coal Board, which has done much damage by subsidence to land drainage works and caused flooding in urban as well as rural areas, but has refused to give the Board the provisions of the Doncaster Drainage Act (as recommended by the Committee on Mining Subsidence), or—so far—to pay for the damage done."

A TYPICAL CASE

One can easily imagine the sort of thing that is happening. "I'll tell you what," one officer of the River Board will say to another. "We'll have a watercourse. If we line a main from the sluice (with a weephole, you understand, from the counterfort), pipe off up top side of the weir, through this culvert and into the conduit, we can siphon off into a gully and back to the sluice by a hardcore drain." "All right," the other will say, "if you think it will do any good."

All will go well for a week or two until the National Coal Board gets wind. "Have you heard," one colliery deputy will say to another, "about this new watercourse the Mersey people have got? Well, have a look at this map. If you take No. 4 level past these goaves marked in red, under this disused working to No. 8 gallery, you can link up with the Pendleton seam by parallel drifts. Now then. Turn off just short of this yellow vein where you're under the Mersey sluice, and drive a bolt-hole under the culvert. Bob's your uncle. The whole thing'll collapse." The other deputy will slowly nod and smile the smile of a craftsman. "It might work, you know, at that. What about the Doncaster Drainage Act, though? Shall we give them the provisions?" "Hardly."

The spectacle of valuable public enterprises being

secretly undermined has, to some people, a funny side. But, writ large, it is a luxury the country cannot afford.

Another thing. It is unfair to expect the officers of the Board, who are for the most part men of action, to wrestle with such tautologies as this, which appears in Section 250 of the Land Drainage Act, 1930:

"The following matters are declared to be statutory nuisances: (a) any pond, pool, ditch, gutter, or watercourse which is so foul or in such a state as to be prejudicial to health or a nuisance."

This leaves the designation of a nuisance and, *ex hypothesi*, a statutory nuisance to the discretion of the common informer. The Mersey itself, on this reckoning, is the longest reach of statutory nuisance north of the Severn. Not to mention the pond, pool, ditch, or watercourse which forms regularly—so regularly, indeed, as to constitute an easement—outside this writer's premises in heavy rain. However, that is what comes of living in a catchment area.

LACK OF BYE-LAWS

But when all this has been said the Mersey River Board has much to answer for. Part V of the report, "Fisheries," which gives scope for some altogether nobler writing than the desultory details of the



Diagram illustrating measures proposed to reduce pollution of the River Mersey. The scheme to transfer to the River Dee, by means of dikes, the more noxious effluents discharging into the Mersey has not yet been finally approved by Chester Corporation and is not therefore among the suggestions tabulated in the text. (See next page.)

Methylene Blue Stability Test in which the Board seems to take such pride, says simply and complacently:

"There are no organized fisheries, other than private clubs, in the Board's area, and there are no bye-laws or fishing licences."

This institution, which has issued no licences and

promulgated no bye-laws, has eleven rivers under its control!

The P.Q. (piscatory quotient) of the Mersey and its confluents is, of course, notoriously low. Taking the number of adult trout per cubic yard of the river Dove to equal one walton, it is estimated that the Mersey rivers Alt, Bollin, and Dean have a P.Q. of 4.5 to 5.8 centiwaltons, the rivers Croal, Irk, Irwell, Mersey, Roch, Sankey Brook, and Tame between 13 and 17 milliwaltons, and the Bridgewater Canal 0.6 microwaltons. It is doubtful whether the Manchester Ship Canal would so much as cause a twitch on the waltometer. Yet in spite of this the accounts of the Board show that not one penny has been contributed to internal drainage boards during the year. Not that it would have made much difference.

The only part of the report that could be called eloquent is a list of the "noxious, poisonous or objectionable substances" that teem into the Mersey night and day. The Board does not state how many filter beds it has on order to purify these wastes, when they are expected, or what kind of filter beds they will be. In experiments with the filtration of distilled water the resulting effluent has been shown to be of far better quality than any of the tannery and dyeworks effluents within the area of the Board. Good forward delivery

dates can be quoted for filter beds. They come cheaper by the dozen.

ARCHITECTURAL TRENDS

The chief criticism which one feels should be directed at the Board is that in its ivory tower at Warrington it has failed to sense the change in the climate of opinion. The time has gone when a river board could compare a few run-off coefficients, install a flood warning, analyse an effluent, and call it a day. Bold and imaginative measures are needed. The following suggestions, with a note on their advantages and disadvantages, show that there is a fund of ideas waiting to be tapped.

PROPOSED METHOD	REMARKS
(a) Neutralization of contaminated effluents by concentrated sulphuric acid.	A highly satisfactory method from a sanitation point of view. Liable, however, to endanger fish life and corrode hulks of vessels using port of Manchester.
(b)* Diversion of Manchester Ship Canal to meet objections to (a) above.	Practical difficulties in respect of acquisition of land now used for industrial and residential purposes and of litigation with aggrieved parties.
(c) Establishment of a committee.	Not calculated to capture the imagination of the public or to give a true picture of the magnitude of the task in hand.
(d) Large-scale industrial re-deployment into neighbouring sparsely populated areas.	Much-needed light industries would thus be brought to the Peak District National Park. Migration of population would, however, present difficulties in disposal of trade and domestic wastes.
(e) Creation of a Dove River Board to meet objections to (d) above.	Experience suggests that the multiplication of River Boards is undesirable.
(f)* Transference of industrial wastes from north bank of Mersey to south bank and vice versa by means of aqueduct or subterranean culvert.	Quality of river would thus be equal on both banks, but would continue to be poor throughout. A step in the right direction.
(g)* Conduit to transfer sewage and industrial wastes to N. Wales coast.	The most practicable scheme so far advanced. Full implications would, of course, have to be considered, and views of N. Wales residents obtained.
(h)* Erection of filter beds on adequate scale on site of municipal borough of Widnes.	Would kill two birds with one stone.

* see diagram on previous page

"I love any talk," wrote Izaak Walton, "of rivers, and fish and fishing." "In the case of fishing streams," writes the Mersey River Board, "the effluent must not only pass the two Royal Commission tests mentioned above and pass the Methylene Blue Stability Test but it must also contain not less than 10 p.p.m. of nitrate (expressed as N)." What an asset Walton would have been to the River Board—District Pollution Inspector, let us say, Grade VI.



three towns with top sunshine or the six with the lowest."

If any practical chap cares to take the thing up this column has some even more subtle ideas which it will not give away now.

* * * * *

Still for sale, too, is another bright idea of this column's, the Candid, the Personal, or, shall we say, the Anonymous Crossword. In this puzzle every answer would be the name of some well-known person: but—and this is the big thing—the answers would never be published. All the clues would not be abusive; some would be gushing. But the compiler would have, from time to time, the great satisfaction of saying publicly exactly what he thought of certain people: and the puzzlees (what a word!) would have the high delight (if they agreed) of writing down the names in the appropriate square. 1 Down—"A Dean, indeed!" (seven letters)—3 Across—"Future Prime Minister? Not if I know it!" (five letters)—5 Down—"Not a bittern, but booms a bit" (six letters)—4 Down—"But they don't seem to

like him so much" (three letters) would be good easy beginnings. But, as the weeks passed, the compiler would warm to his work, let himself go, and say all sorts of things. Some of the same characters would appear every week, with clues of growing ferocity: the thing would have the excitement of a serial. At last, no doubt, one or two of the victims would get together and bring a libel action against the newspaper. But the newspaper would say: "Awfully sorry, old chap, but we've done nothing. Never mentioned your name. All we did was to write 'Self-opinionated humbug' and—what was it?—Oh yes, 'Ought to be shot.' Surely you're not suggesting that we could have had you in mind? Of course, if some silly reader goes and scribbles your names in our paper it's just too bad. But what are we to do about it? You must catch one of our naughty readers. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"But half a moment," says one of the victims, "what had you in mind, if you didn't mean me? Look

at this, 5 Across—"pestilent priest" (seven letters)!" "My dear sir," says the editor, "we had nothing in mind. It's just a little fun for our readers. They can put down any name they like, anywhere. It relieves their feelings. In that particular space, if you give it two t's, I suppose BECKETT would fit. Or how about CALCHAS? Or CRANMER? I can't say."

"But none of those," says the victim—or his lawyer—"would fit with '5 Down'—which is evidently DALTON."

"What d'you mean—'evidently'? 'Booms'—why not CANNON? or STOCKS?"

"But—"

"And who said that anything 'fitted'? This is not that sort of puzzle. There are no prizes, no answers even. Our readers can put down anything they like: and we can't stop them. Write one of them, sir. Good afternoon."

What the Courts would say this column can't tell. The sad thing is that, after years of struggle, it has not persuaded any of those pusillanimous newspapers to try.

A. P. H.



"And here's a gonache of me and baby paddling, with our hotel in the back ground."



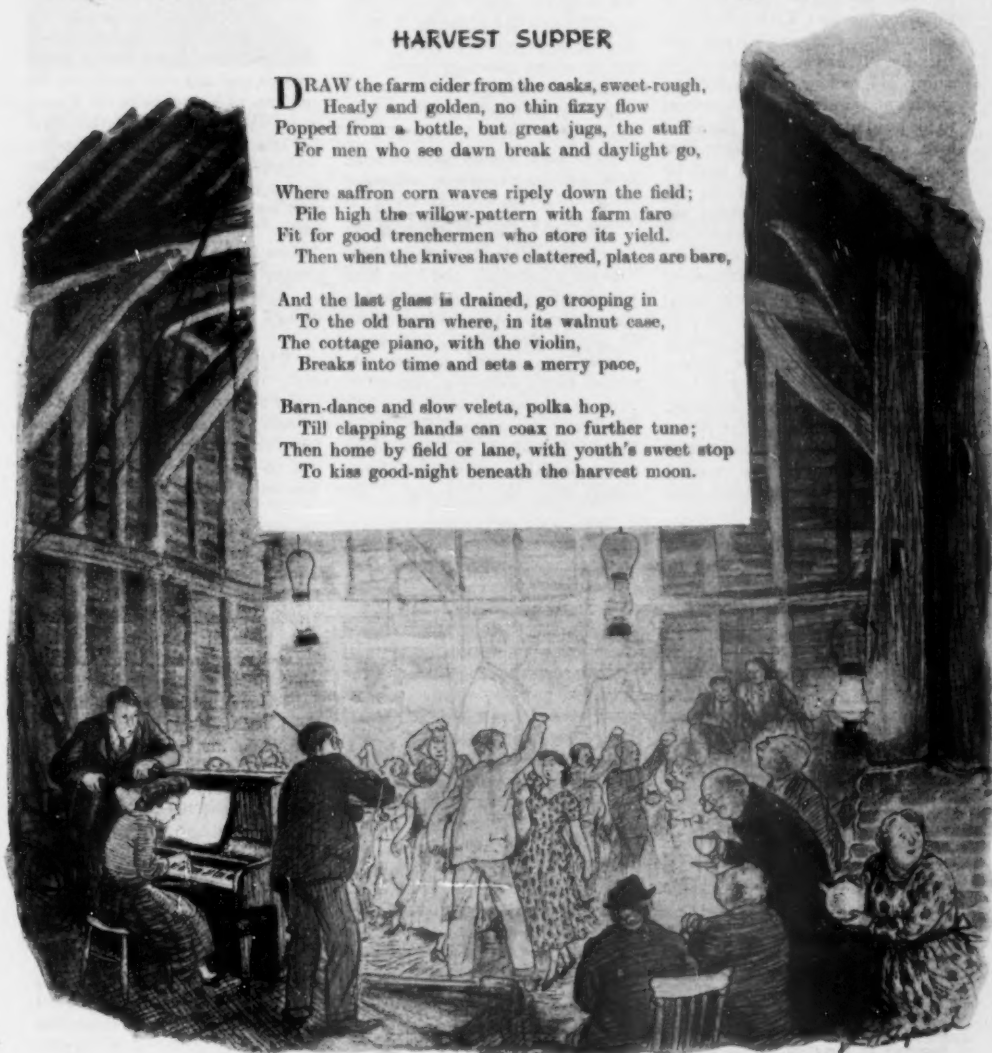
HARVEST SUPPER

DRAW the farm cider from the casks, sweet-rough,
 Heady and golden, no thin fizzy flow
 Popped from a bottle, but great jugs, the stuff
 For men who see dawn break and daylight go,

Where saffron corn waves ripely down the field;
 Pile high the willow-pattern with farm fare
 Fit for good trenchermen who store its yield.
 Then when the knives have clattered, plates are bare,

And the last glass is drained, go trooping in
 To the old barn where, in its walnut case,
 The cottage piano, with the violin,
 Breaks into time and sets a merry pace,

Barn-dance and slow veleta, polka hop,
 Till clapping hands can coax no further tune;
 Then home by field or lane, with youth's sweet stop
 To kiss good-night beneath the harvest moon.



FROM ANOTHER WRITER'S NOTEBOOK

X was a naval officer, commander of a destroyer. The one desire of his life was to become an admiral, and this ambition occupied his every waking thought. He eschewed all idle diversion, and read books on deportment and naval strategy far into the night. On leave in Clitheroe he met Y, daughter of a clergyman. She was playful and friendly. It was spring, and in the sunny old rectory garden her shy glances and sweet, serious ways went to his head like neat rum. He fell in love, and asked her to marry him. She agreed, on condition that he would sail his destroyer up the Manchester Ship Canal under the Japanese flag. X remonstrated. The thing would not be to the liking of the Admiralty. It might damage his career: he would be reprimanded—perhaps dismissed the Service. Y was adamant. In the end X decided to carry out her wishes. He was boarded by the police at Runcorn and put under close arrest, pending the arrival of the Home Secretary. All his worst forebodings were realized, and he was expelled from the Navy with ignominy. His

jacket was torn from his shoulders by a Rear-Admiral and he was piped over the side by the First Sea Lord. Hurrying to Clitheroe, he poured out his story to Y and proposed that they should be married immediately. She refused. "You never sailed up the canal at all," she said.

This was told to me by X, when he happened to call at my house about ten years ago, selling toothpaste. At the time I thought that there might be a story in it, but I never wrote it.

* * * * *

The moon rushed behind a bank of clouds like a terrier after a rat.

* * * * *

The old kettle. It stands on the floor in the corner of the room where I do my wood-work, and I use it to pour paraffin into an oil stove during the winter. Its appearance suggests an open-beaked fledgling bird, enormously exaggerated in size, attached to the side of a gasometer, with, of course, a handle over all. The kettle was given to me by the French President, in those days of interminable conferences immediately after the 1914 war. The

ceremony took place in the main reception room of the Eiffel Tower. I remember a babel of excited voices, a feeling of breathlessness and bewilderment, and the President brandishing the kettle with one hand as he beckoned to me with the other. I felt a sudden weakness at the knees, and was conscious of an inability to move a step from the spot on which I stood. Someone grasped my arm above the elbow and urged me gently forward. I turned round and gazed straight into the unwinking eyes of Lloyd George, cool and workmanlike in the uniform of a captain in the French navy, the ceremonial gold-laced hat set at a rakish angle on his flowing white locks. I experienced a sudden access of strength and confidence, and moved forward to receive my gift. The band broke into the "Marseillaise" as the President clasped me to his bosom.

Now the kettle is old and worn. Soon I shall throw it away.

* * * * *

The railway porter. Eyes large and vivacious. Full, merry lips under a greying moustache. An air of naive enthusiasm. I asked him when the next train for Bristol was due to leave. He said "There's a time-table behind yer."

* * * * *

When I met J.M.B. for the first time he was standing at the bar of a public house with Balfour, drinking stout. Balfour had just sustained a smashing election defeat, and believed that his political career was at an end. He drank his stout with morose avidity, and ordered another bottle with a muttered oath. He told us that he considered life to be meaningless. J.M.B. gulped at his drink, cleared his throat and said, timidly, "What about the wee folk?" "*** the wee folk!" exclaimed Balfour aggressively. J.M.B. flushed up and began to say something, as I understood it, about the first baby's laugh breaking into a thousand pieces, but Balfour turned away and ordered a ham sandwich. Later in the evening J.M.B. asked me whether I was on good terms with the pixies. I returned some non-committal answer.

T. S. WATT



"It's an attempt to realize in terms of representational non-abstractism three-dimensionalism the sentimentality inherent in the structure of bourgeois emotionalism."



THE Nixon affair managed to raise more issues in five days than the whole campaign had generated up to that time. If it settled few or none of them, it did afford the TV audience the most melodramatic half-hour ever to occupy the networks. For five days before the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate's broadcast the story remained at boiling-point; one doubts that even election night will produce a larger audience than Senator Nixon's. His effect was hypnotic in its intensity, but the strain was eased somewhat in at least one bar-and-grill when the Senator was disclosing that his lecture fees had averaged only some \$1,500 a year. "What that guy needs," remarked a voice from the bar, "is an agent."

This, we know, is the era of the expense account. Senator Nixon's main justification of the funds raised on his behalf was that they were used for his "political expenses" and not for his "personal" benefit. To clinch the argument he read an opinion from "the biggest law firm in Los Angeles" that he had not been breaking the law. A less scrupulous man would simply have charged these political expenses to the taxpayers, the Senator explained, and there is still a lively interest in political circles as to what procedure one follows, in that case, in persuading the General Accounting office to pay a bill of \$4,237 for Christmas cards—the largest single item, incidentally, disbursed by the

Senator's "trustee." Governor Stevenson's accounting of his own finances left the next move up to General Eisenhower. By the time this report reaches print all candidates will doubtless be auditing their old grocery bills and theater ticket stubs of the past decade.

What had been a singularly quiet campaign flowered into orthodox biting and scratching with the Nixon episode. General Eisenhower, who accepted an honorary degree from Harvard University a few years ago and who is still the President of Columbia University, denounced Governor Stevenson, a Princeton graduate, for using "Harvard words" and "aristocratic" behavior, presumably deriving from the year the Governor spent at Harvard's law school. The Governor

of Texas, a Democrat, who is voting for the General, denounced Governor Stevenson's candidacy as "Truman-

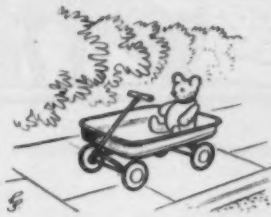
ism with a Harvard accent." In Republican minds Harvard remains culpable, and shows distressingly little disposition to purge itself, for having supplied so many office holders to the Democratic regimes. There is no anti-Harvard plank in the Republican platform, but it looks as if General Eisenhower—or his speech writers, if one judges more charitably his status as an educator—regards this as a serious oversight. (When Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts was a candidate for Governor of that state in 1938 all mention of the fact that he was a Harvard man was judiciously omitted from his campaign pamphlets, and he was swept into office as a blameless illiterate.) But even while Senator Nixon was insisting that the money had gone into his crusade against communism, and while the General inveighed against long-suffering Harvard, a woman lecturer in Columbia's anthropology department was refusing to answer, on grounds of

self-incrimination, a question by the Senate's internal security committee as to whether she was a member of the communist party. There are no university presidents on the Democratic slate, but one wonders, idly, what the newspapers would have made of the same circumstances if a faculty headed by Governor Stevenson had been involved. The General, in this case, was mentioned not at all.

Statistics from the public opinion polls, accompanied by the customary equivocations, are trickling into print, but no one knows how much credence to give them. This, of course, is beside the point. In its curious, dreamy way the public opinion poll serves a dual purpose far more important than the mere correctness—or, more properly, the incorrectness—of its forecasts: its buoyant view of Republican strength always pleases the newspaper publishers who subscribe to it, and who are pleased by little else in to-day's world: and it tends to frighten the Democrats into turning out a big enough vote to win.

For reasons obvious in the three most recent elections the poll dislikes having the word "forecast" applied to its wares. "Measurement" is the word it prefers, although the public never does quite find out what becomes of the extra inches the poll usually adds to the Republican waistline in the fitting room, and why the trousers are always hopelessly too snug the morning after election. One poll, after the '48 fiasco, explained that it had been doing very well throughout the campaign, but that it had decided in the final week to modify its "weighting" technique because it regarded the Republican figures (in a few pivotal states) as too small.

The poll simply decided, frehand and without splitting hairs over measurements, to mark Mr. Dewey up and Mr. Truman down, but whether it was using a hazel wand or tea leaves, or



watching the flight of birds in these ultimate reckonings it never did say.

It would be hard at the moment to find much Stevenson money at the 3 to 1 odds in his favor quoted last month by British bookmakers. Most observers felt—regardless of how they viewed Senator Nixon and his fund—that the episode had put the Senator on the map in a large way politically, and that it had helped rather than hurt the Republican chances. Those who had worried about Governor Stevenson as “neurotic” could scarcely have been reassured by the sight of Senator Nixon weeping for joy at his “vindication,” i.e. on finding out that he was not going to be dropped from the ticket; but, even so, the Republicans seemed to have

regained their footing after some extremely rough going.

* * * * *

Footnote to the baseball season: the league leaders of July 4 (*Punch*, July 23) did prove to be, almost three months later, the pennant winners.

* * * * *

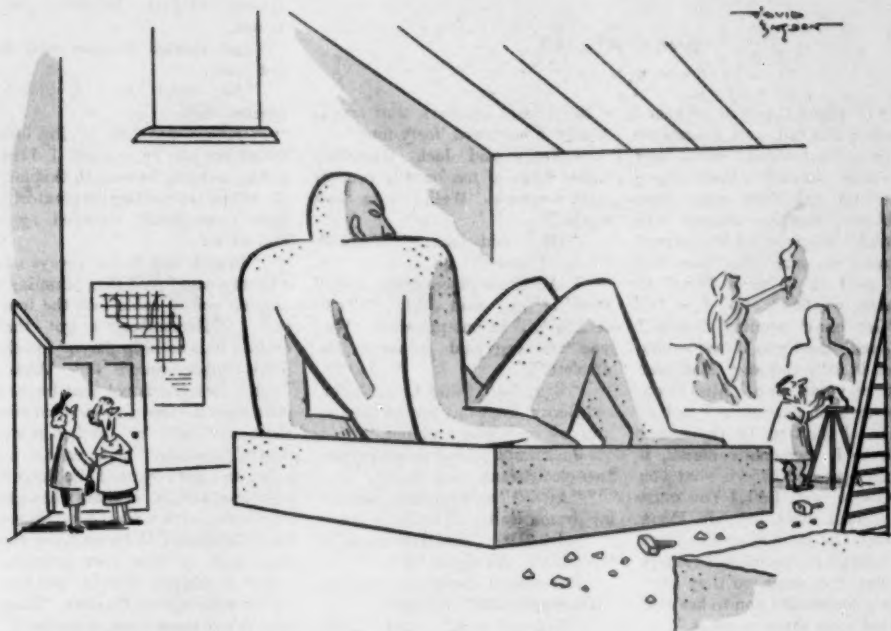
Those who have felt the need of an 840,000-word novel about small-town life in Texas will be able to indulge their taste next month (Nov. 3) when a Boston publishing house brings out what it calls a “leviathon” (*sic*) of a novel about that very subject. “It is larger than the Old Testament and New Testament combined and half again as long as *War and Peace*,” the publisher’s announcement continues.

“One statistician has determined that if it were printed in a continuous strip the book would be five miles long, or enough to go ten times around the Radio City Music Hall, or five times around the Capitol Building in Washington, with enough left over to go from the base of the Eiffel Tower to its summit and down again.” The publisher is understood to be at work on other computations concerning Pike’s Peak, Victoria Falls, Covent Garden, etc., etc., and these will be released at short intervals for some time to come. Meanwhile, an anonymous donor is offering to reward any reviewer who does not advert to the great size of Texas in remarking the great size of the forthcoming “leviathon” about it.

CHARLES W. MORTON



"My dear master-mason, I am convinced there has been some slight error in the scale."



"Over a year's solid work, and all he calls it is 'Reclining Figure' . . ."

THE COCONUT

OUT shopping, little Julia spied
A Coconut, and gasped and cried
"What an Egregious shape!
How marked, in Size and in the Hair
Glued on in Patches here and there
And in its wild and Brutish air,
A Contrast with the Grape!"

Mamma perceived the child's Alarm
And praised the Nut in accents warm;
Told how it was designed
For tropic Tribes, whose Nutrimment
Depended to a Large extent
Upon the Meat and Juices pent
Within that shaggy Rind.

In lighter vein (she said) it Could
Be seen on Fairgrounds, where it stood
Proof to the normal Aim;
Its Hair could make a Cricket-pitch,
Its Meat a grated Substance which
Rendered the humble Rock-cake rich;
For puddings did the same.

She spoke (her Discourse nearly through)
On how to Break the Nut in Two;
Some hammered at the Shell,
But there were those, by Fortune starved,
Who simply Dropped it in the yard
Or on a stone or Somewhere hard,
And managed very well.

"Mamma," said Julia, now aglow,
"Home with a Coconut we'll go
And drop it, as you say!"
And so they did; and Bit by Bit
It went to feed a friendly Tit
Which somehow did not Fancy it
But rather kept away.

And now, when little Julia spies
A Coconut, she gasps and cries
"Mamma, what do I see?
The Nut with Goodness quite replete,
The Nut the Birdies find a Treat
And you and I both love to eat;
O buy it, pray, for me!"

ANDE

SNAX AT JAX

XV

"INNIT about this time of year," asked the tall man, freeing his feet from the footrail, "when they 'ave that dancin' about caper, dressed up with them stags' 'orns at Abbots Wamname somewhere or summink? See it in all the papers, you used to, one time, like that vicar used to be in a barrel at Brighton, was it?"

"Get onter country dancin'," said Jack, "and you'll 'ave young Doreen in for a chinwag. Mad keen up at 'er youth club. Always on. 'Stop keep on natterin'! I 'ave to tell her. I can't see no rhyme nor reason to it, personally meself, if you can pick and choose what you do. Course, you, Loft. You must 'ave it dead quiet livin' in Essex now, eh? Got ter flog up some sort of an interest in summink, I reckon. Very flat, too, innit, so they say! Only big blokes like you to keep off the wind over them marshes."

"Not specially," said Loft. "On'y you mentionin' old Berny reminded me. You remember once in 'ere, 'e reckoned 'e was doing a snake charmer turn with the connector off of that vacuum?"

"Oh yer," said Jack. "Yer, some of the boys went an' knotted it round 'is neck and 'e falls over, bangs 'is 'ead on a table and 'as to go in 'ospidal."

"Good riddance too," said Loft.

"Never paid me back that coupla nicker 'e borrowed 'forty-four."

"Yer," said Jack, stretching out a blob of tea on the counter with a match. "Well, 'e's in dock again."

"Oh," said Loft. "Nuddink trivial, I 'ope?"

"Ad these places come up all over 'is leg," said Jack. "They reckon 'e'll be out presen'ly. Was you the egg and chips or the omelette?"

"Egg, Jack," said Loft. "Yer, old Berny, wave any money around and 'e's on it like a dinner."

Jack went off for the chips, and two electricians came in.

"Ay-ay!" said the first, hesitating dramatically. "Gaffer's 'ere!"

"Arlo, Den," said Loft warmly.

"Workin'! All right, 'Arry!"

The second electrician nodded.

"Mussengrumble," he said.

"Well-well-well," said Den.

"'Ave a snout?" He pushed across a packet of cigarettes.

"All right, mate," said Loft.

"I got this dimp." He indicated behind his ear. "Jack an' me was just sayin', old Berny. In dock with 'is leg."

"Oo, yeah," said Den. "You would've laughed. Woonce've laughed, eh, 'Arry? Come in 'ere one day and there's old Berny, both 'is trouser legs rolled up,

showin' old Jack. Better'n a play, it was."

Jack swirled in again with the hot plate.

"Ah, Den! Ah, 'Arry!" he greeted them.

"Kuh," said Loft. "Big lotta taters 'ere you've give me. I'd best get me garden fork on to this lot." He hitched himself up preparatorily, then immediately slumped again and set to.

"Course, old Berny always was a bit of a case," said Den, jamming a sagging coil of cable into the foot-rail. "Remember 'e got that crowda kids to keep playin' knock-down-Ginger round Sid 'Arris's 'ouse? Mrs. 'Arris got that brassed off answerin' the door and no one there she kept 'er mother-in-law waitin', knockin', nigh on arf an hour, and she reckoned she done it a-purpose keepin' 'er there when she only come with a blow-football set for Sid's nipper. 'Ad a set-to on the step, and 'er face goes practicky colour of this red blow-football box she's wavin' about. Oo dear. Think they'd 'ave more sense, wooncher?"

"Weerl," said Jack, "it's all accordin', really. Best 've 'em's a bit funny now'n again. Same as old Elise. Ordinarily she's fair enough, only sometimes she gets that niggly."

"Oh, well," said Harry, with hopeful equanimity, "they reckon the world's gettin' colder. Praps they'll all cool off gradual."

"Yer," said Loft derisively. "You 'ear about that every time it gets near winter. Then warmer weather someone starts reckonin' it's all the time gettin' more warmed up. Gulf Stream or summink."

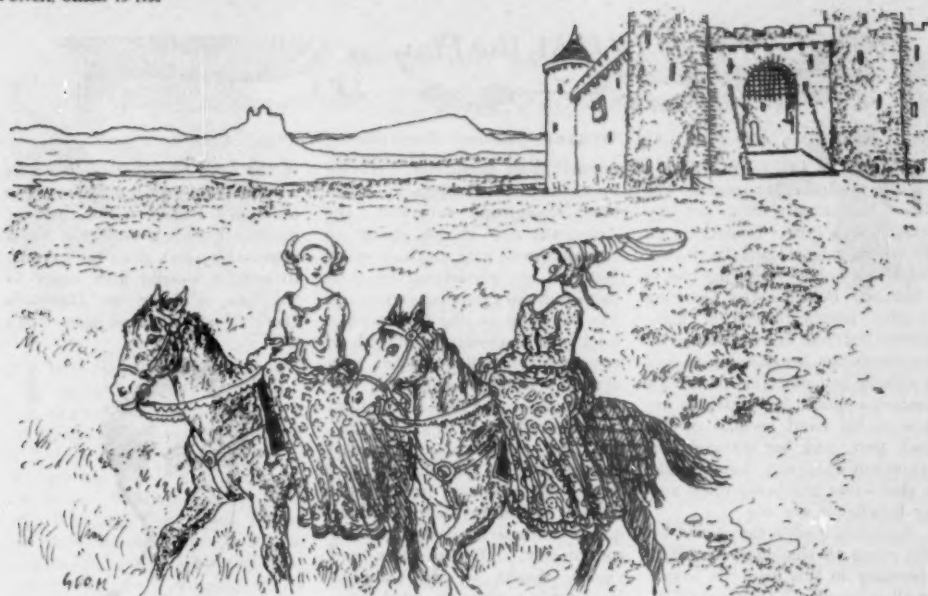
"Ay-ay!" protested Den. "'Ark at old Loft. More like a Round-Britain Quiz, 'e is. Gulf Stream? You reckon that'd affect Sid 'Arris's mum? Get the whole country become a tropical jungle an' she'd still 'ack 'er way through to blow up Sid's missis every fortnight for not feedin' 'im up proper."

"Jungle?" said Loft. "Where'd old Jack be then?"

"Still servin' up," said Jack. "On'y p'raps you'd get some 'ula-'ula to put you orf your bangers and mash."

ALAN HACKNEY





"She's not much of a housewife—did you notice the rust on that portcullis?"

SEA CHANGE

"DREADFUL people," said Mrs. Grayson. She rolled outraged eyes at the window, where the masts of the club one-designs swayed peacefully in the tide. "You'd think people could see when they're making a nuisance of themselves. George and I were busy working on the slip we're making for the dinghy. Well, you wouldn't do that unless it was your beach, would you? They didn't take the slightest notice. Came round in a horrible little motor-boat with a cabin-thing on top." She winced as though the motor-boat had bitten her. "Anchored off shore and came in in a pram and picnicked all over the beach."

"What did you do?" I said.

"Well, you can't do a thing below high-water mark, can you? They must have seen we didn't like it, but they weren't going to let that stop them."

"What sort of people?"

"Oh—horrible stringy man, and a boy in bathing shorts and a blonde

creature of some sort. Dreadful people."

I sympathized and drifted on till Peter Halsey waved his glass at me. "You know my son," he said, "but you haven't met Pam." Pam was fair and at a guess eighteen. "Being broken to boats?" I said. "She's loving it," said Peter. "We were out to-day."

"Tell him about the odd couple," said Pam.

"Oh!" Peter laughed. "Round at Hillfield Cove. Can't think who they were. We put in there for lunch and a swim. Generally so quiet there—get the whole place to yourself. But there they were. Chap with a hat like a lamp-shade and a woman in a sort of basket-work jockey-cap. Next to nothing else on. Chucking rocks about—playing cock-shies or something. Thought they were going to throw them at us at first, but they only glared and muttered. Nudists or Communists or something. Probably from the caravans at Franting."

I saw, out of the corner of my eye, Mrs. Grayson talking dramatically to her neighbour. She sketched with her sherry-glass the outline of a cabin-thing and winced as though it had bitten her. Peter's eye had followed mine. I groped hopelessly for a fresh subject, but nothing came. "Those people," said Peter; "woman's talking to Jack Scott. They're new, aren't they?"

"Yes," I said—"Colonel and Mrs. Grayson."

Peter and Pam looked at them while the dinghy masts went backwards and forwards three times. "Look nice," they said.

I said "Yes. Yes, you must meet them some time."

I made off towards the bar, but was stopped by Mrs. Grayson near the door. "Those people you were talking to just now," she said. "They look nice. Girl would do for Jennifer when she comes down."

"Yes," I said—"the Halseys. You must meet them some time."

P. M. HUBBARD



At the Play

Love from Judy (SAVILLE)—*Husbands Don't Count* (WINTER GARDEN)

DADDY LONGLEGS" as a musical? My memory was admittedly dim, but my heart sank a little. Something on the sweet side seemed inevitable. But I was quite wrong; the plot is a natural. Consider the following enviable points: rescue of high-spirited girl from dim orphanage by shy benefactor, her dazzling success at college, her adoration of chum's handsome uncle, her unselfish refusal of his hand because of her bleak past, and her discovery—a moment of which any drama would be glad—that handsome uncle and shy benefactor are one.

Love from Judy is the nearest we have come to challenge American supremacy in this field. It hasn't the all-in magic of "Oklahoma!" (I doubt if that will ever be repeated), but its taste is better and its attack more astringent than those of recent

imports from Broadway. Having knocked us about with satire, which they understand so well, the Americans now choose almost to anesthetize us with sentimentality. With all my admiration for their flair I find this a puzzling experience, like being hit on the head with a brick and immediately offered an outside marshmallow stuffed with opium. Good examples of the marshmallow are the fourth-form muscle-worship of "South Pacific" and the unbelievably whimsical heaven scene in "Carousel." *Love from Judy* of course includes the necessary peans to romance, but the queasiest stomach will survive them comfortably. It has pace and vigour, thanks to Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN's production, good tunes by Mr. HUGH MARTIN, a workman-like book by Mr. ERIC MASCHWITZ and Miss JEAN WEBSTER, and pleasant decorations by Mr. BERKELEY SUTCLIFFE; but what particularly distinguish it are lyrics by Mr. MARTIN and Mr. JACK GRAY that show a real dexterity in light verse, and the admirably blended performances of a number of young people possessing the kind of special verve we have come to associate with the Lyric and Globe revues. They are led by Miss JEAN CARSON, whose *Jerusha* is a delightful little devil with a sense of humour no orphanage could safely contain; Miss JUNE WHITFIELD and Miss AUDREY FREEMAN are powerful allies, both strong in satire, and Mr. JOHNNY BRANDON, a tap-dancer of parts, is very useful as a human squib. Miss LINDA GRAY and Mr. BILL O'CONNOR represent vocal middle age, and Miss ADELAIDE HALL sings negro songs with explosive warmth. Some at least of these seem to hail from America, but they are welcome accessories on an otherwise British model of which we may be modestly proud.

With the greatest respect I can't help wondering what is in the mind

of the Lord Chamberlain when he withholds his licence from "The Children's Hour," a fine, serious, moving play on a subject of social importance, and gives his blessing to such a squalid little essay in facetious adultery as *Husbands Don't Count*. It is no worse than

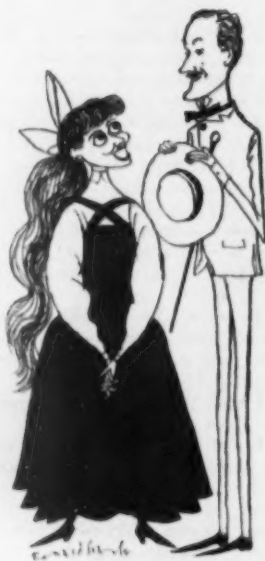


(*Husbands Don't Count*)
Leon Lebrun—Mr. DENNIS PRICE

others of its kind that we have to suffer regularly, most of them taken, as this is, from the unresisting French; it simply makes one doubtful whether the rigid pigeon-holes into which the Lord Chamberlain appears to sort his mail are serving a defensible end. Why should discussion on the stage be forbidden of things which are now discussed everywhere else? It seems to me the decision should always rest on the way they are discussed, in other words on taste. On that score few marks go to *Husbands Don't Count*, which seems mainly concerned to be smartly cynical about a human zoo, and to deliver bedroom jokes with mechanical monotony.

Recommended

The Deep Blue Sea (Duchess) is still the best new play in London. *Romeo and Juliet* (Old Vic), produced with rare vigour. *The Happy Marriage* (Duke of York's), after a good dinner. ERIC KEOWNS



(*Love from Judy*)
Jerusha Abbott—Miss JEAN CARSON
Service Pendleton—Mr. BILL O'CONNOR



[The Seraglio]

THE production of *The Seraglio* at Sadler's Wells in Professor DENT's translation is a notable event, not only because this is the first time that this joyous work of MOZART has been seen at the Wells, but because from the vocal point of view it is quite outstanding. We are all too accustomed to hear British singers struggling gallantly, and doing little else but struggle, with Mozart's daunting *floriture*, and accepted it as natural when the Glyndebourne Company went to Germany for a *Constanza* for their production of *The Seraglio* two years ago. Now, however, at Sadler's Wells there is in JENNIFER VYVYAN a dramatic coloratura soprano who does not merely struggle with *Constanza's* arias. She sings them, every note true, clear and strong, and the big scene in which she defies the *Pasha* is little short of a triumph. At times her tone is white and a little harsh, but far more often it is beautiful; and this joyful fact is the most notable impression left on one's mind by the opera as a whole.

The Seraglio is said to be a jumble—a German *Singspiel* with Italian arias and a French *vaudeville* to end up; and *Ossin*, the *Pasha's* venal steward, is said to be the only real character in it. But this is taking it too seriously. The plot and spoken dialogue are merely a thread upon which to string a row of vocal pearls of bewitching beauty; as for characters, there are none at all, only voices. The *Pasha*, who does not sing, is merely a stage "prop"; it is as a "prop" that GAVIN GORDON treats him, bringing his

OPERA AND BALLET

The Seraglio
(SADLER'S WELLS OPERA)
Ile des Sirènes—Reflection
(SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET)

great experience of the theatre to present a lay figure, stiff, bright-coloured and null.

The atmosphere of intoxicating unreality is well sustained by the enthusiasm of the cast, CLIVE CAREY, the producer, and PETER RICE, the designer. JAMES ROBERTSON conducts. ROWLAND JONES (*Belmonte*) is the personification of love-sick tenorism, dressed in appropriately pallid colours, and sings his florid arias charmingly. MARION STUD-HOLME is a saucily-fluting *Blonda* dressed in quite horrible Turkish-delight pink trousers, but trilling away deliciously none the less. STANLEY CLARKSON's bass voice reaches *Ossin's* low D safely, but he has not the rotundity, vocal or physical, for *Ossin* and seems besides to be trying to make him credible—a misdirected effort, for he is a grotesque of conceit, lechery and bloodthirstiness. There is a suggestion of a Cockney urchin about EREACH RILEY's *Pedrillo*, but he sings his serenade well.

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet has mounted two new ballets—*Ile des Sirènes*, by ALFRED RODRIGUES and *Reflection*, by JOHN CRANKO. The former has a peculiar and haunting atmosphere which seems to derive from the contrast between DEBUSSY's sensuous sweet music (the *Arabesques* and the *Petite Suite*) and the sinuous cruelty of the Sirens, led by ELAINE FIFIELD, who torment the mariner washed by the sea into their cave. The choreography is transparent and fluid as the sea, with a subtle nightmarishness about it. The background of greenish sky and drowned rocks, the crown of the Siren Queen that is both a crown and the cruel spines of a sea creature, and the Sirens' streaming hair that is not quite hair and not quite seaweed, are a tribute to the imaginative powers of the designer, LUDON



[Reflection]

SAINTHILL. This little masterpiece reveals an underlying quality in the music of DEBUSSY of which one is not usually aware. *Reflection* is ingenious, acrobatic and a little alarming, with a psychological plot, a modernistic score by JOHN GARDNER and an expressionist setting. The symbolism is confusing, but as a choreographic essay it is well worth seeing.

D. C. B.

YORE

IN days of yore,
When mud was mire,
And blood was gore,

And anger ire,
And food was fare,
And dreadful dire,

And cut was pare,
And friend was fero,
And worry care,

And lake was mere,
And knowledge lore,
And dry was sere,

And carried bore,
And spoils was mare:
In days of yore

They rolled their Rs
Like thunder or
Triumphal cars:

But we, being too refined to try
To roll them, let the old words die.
P. M. H.



At the Pictures

Pat and Mike—Full House

NOT without very much more knowledge of tennis and golf would I venture to say that KATHARINE HEPBURN's skill at both these games as shown in *Pat and Mike* (Director: GEORGE CUKOR) is unconvincing. I have read that she is a "passionate amateur" at both, as well as at other sports, and I think it quite probable that very little faking was necessary in order to show her beating GUSSIE MORAN at one and BARE DIDRIKSON ZAHARIAS at the other (both these important ladies appear in person). Anyway, I found her giant-killing brilliance perfectly credible, and the sporting occasions themselves are presented with enough imagination and care for pictorial values to hold the attention of people who would be (and constantly are) bored by the same sort of thing in a news-reel. Even so, the film is essentially a comedy, and a highly enjoyable one, the fun of which largely depends on a simple matter of contrast and incongruity. Miss HEPBURN plays a P.T. instructor at a women's college who has—when not made uneasy by the anxious eye of her stuffy betrothed—outstanding ability at tennis, golf and a number of other games; SPENCER TRACY plays the tough New York sports promoter who becomes her manager. He has a style of dialogue rich in—not Malapropisms, but what might be called over-distributed middles ("they're far and between") and double entries ("I won't mention

their names by name") which produces extremely funny results when delivered in Mr. TRACY's quiet, earnest, unemphatic manner. His scenes with Miss HEPBURN are beautifully done, with both stars at the top of their form and the director getting the utmost comic value out of the interplay of their contrasting styles. The main source of fun, certainly, is the old theme of the formidable innocent who dismays the tough racketeers, but the variation is a fresh one and there are innumerable bright decorations in detail, one being a dim-witted pugilist (another of the promoter's enterprises) very amusingly played by ALDO RAY.

What *Full House* (five directors) does for O. HENRY, it seems to me, is to show up the obviousness and shallowness of many of his typical stories in comparison even with those of Mr. Maugham, some of whose work itself is none too deep. One thinks of Maugham because this is a group of five O. Henry stories treated as Maugham stories were so successfully treated in *Quartet*, *Trio* and *Encore*. The trouble perhaps is that the typical O. Henry snap-ending story has for so long and so universally—below a certain critical level—been regarded as a model of what any short piece of fiction should be, so that for forty years or more a short story, in most popular papers and magazines, has meant an imitation O. Henry piece.



(Full House)

Soapy—CHARLES LAUGHTON

When we see five of them here, divorced from their literary associations—in spite of the efforts of JOHN STEINBECK as narrator, hammering it up in a library with a collection of volumes bound like school prizes—when we see them here, they strike not with fresh force and depth of character but as thin, mechanical and in a vexatious sense old-fashioned. I liked best "The Cop and the Anthem" (Director: HENRY KOSTER), where CHARLES LAUGHTON revels in his part as a "gentleman tramp," and next "The Clarion Call" (HENRY HATHAWAY) for RICHARD WIDMARK's portrait of an exhibitionist murderer. "The Ransom of Red Chief" (HOWARD HAWKS) is often funny but seems as exaggerated as a radio sketch.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, *Golden Marie* or *Casque d'Or* (24/9/52) remains at the head of the established shows, but two good new ones are in the same programme: *Kon-Tiki*, and *RAIMU* in a Simenon story, *Les Inconnus dans la Maison*.

The Sound Barrier (6/8/52) leads the new releases. *Sudden Fear* (1/10/52), though very artificial, has good suspense.

RICHARD MALLETT



(Pat and Mike)

Mike Concan—SPENCER TRACY; Pat Pemberton—KATHARINE HEPBURN

BOOKING OFFICE

Landscape with Figures

The Frontenac Mystery. François Mauriac. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 11/6

Love for Lydia. H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph, 12/6

Hear and Forgive. Emyr Humphreys. Gallancz, 12/6

THE argument of M. Mauriac's novels gains force from his firm drawing of their background. The wind-swept pines, the lonely chateaux amidst the vineyards, the solid, stuffy Bordeaux houses have formed the characters, and the harsh tensions of the landscape reflect the conflicts that are M. Mauriac's theme. *The Frontenac Mystery* was first published nearly twenty years ago but has only just appeared in Mr. Gerard Hopkins' English translation. It lacks the searing force of "Thérèse," but in descriptive power and narrative grip it is first-class Mauriac. It is free from the grotesque and repulsive sadism of some of the second-class Mauriac that has been translated before it. Every character is "placed," fitting tightly into the composition, immediately identifiable in class and personality. Although the author's attitude to the family feeling that forms the *Mystery* of the title will probably commend itself to few English readers, he shows the family as a force that must be recognized and reckoned with if French life is not to be incomprehensible. Every stroke of description of the countryside or the furnishings of a town house or the light on pines increases the impression made on the reader by things invisible and intangible.

Mr. H. E. Bates uses natural description sometimes contrapuntally, sometimes as an end in itself. At first *Love for Lydia* looks like a short story breaking under the weight of description. Everything is seen and everything is described in detail. However, once the reader has become attuned to the measured movement of the narrative and understands that the setting is to receive the amount of space more often accorded to it in a travel-book than in a novel, the thoroughness of the exploration begins to fascinate. We do not want to rush on to the catastrophe or happy ending, but are content to study the Midland valley—half industrial township, half derelict parkland—and to follow it through the seasons and the years. Mr. Bates is a cooler Lawrence, who with a disciplined restraint works in the territory that Lawrence took over from his master Meredith. For some tastes the landscape will be too lush and clotted; but then the English landscape is lush. Of the two traditions in English fiction, the lush and the lean, Mr. Bates strongly prefers the lush for his landscapes; but his love-story has a controlled bareness that somehow enables him to combine the continuous interest of the folk-tale with the investigation of complex relationships that modern taste expects from fiction.

Mr. Emyr Humphreys, in *Hear and Forgive*, is concerned primarily with states of feeling, and the

settings and incidents for his study of caddishness are roughed in rather casually. There are too many characters who do not pull their weight, or have no weight to pull, too many incidents. The narrator is a beautifully drawn cad, who has left his dull, provincial wife and lives with and on a rich, domineering woman who has taken him up as a promising novelist. He also teaches Scripture in a Bilateral school, and a good deal of attention is devoted to stock educational subjects—Idealists versus Big Business on the governing body, the struggle for promotion, Communist teachers as menaces or martyrs. This part does not rise above the thin efficiency of a detective novel setting. I think it was a tactical mistake to try to do so many things at once. Where Mr. Humphreys is impressive is in the subtlety with which he conceals and exposes double or treble layers of meaning in everything that the narrator says. The final effect of an always interesting and often impressive book is of an original vision flickering across the unoriginal surface of a routine novel. I do not feel that Mr. Humphreys will fulfil his great promise until he can look outwards as well as inwards, at the landscape as well as at the conscience.

R. G. G. PRICE

Alexander of Tunis. Norman Hisslop. W. H. Allen, 18/-

The biographer of a British general lacks the trump card that wins so many tricks for the apologists for our late enemies—the revelation of what went on "the other side of the hill." He can only deploy the known facts fairly and imaginatively; and this procedure, in the case of such facts as make up the life of a Field Marshal Alexander, should hardly fail. The outstanding gallantry, the insight and artistic sensibility,



"This year . . . in the not too distant future . . . at a date to be announced . . . immediately on the return of normal conditions."

combined with the modesty and tact that enabled Alexander to cope successfully with such ticklish affairs as the 1920 Latvian campaign, and later selflessly accept commands of urgent importance but devoid of latent glory, make up a personality as exciting as uncommon. It must be confessed that, careful and industrious as Norman Hillson's book is, the picture that emerges is a bit formalized, not to say flat; but at least it lodges a claim for one of our own military leaders that has hitherto been unaccountably overlooked in the welter of homage paid to our former opponents.

B. A. Y.

Godolphin: His Life and Times. Sir Tresham Lever, Bt. Murray, 25/-.

The material is better than the use that has been made of it in Sir Tresham Lever's biography of a statesman who, equally distinguished as a finance minister and a breeder of horses, is chiefly remembered as Marlborough's staunchest ally. Sir Tresham has had access to many unprinted papers and, though there are indications that his skill in deciphering them leaves something to be desired, his abundant quotation from them is welcome. But to be angry with Macaulay or to dismiss all Jacobite writers as liars is an insufficient answer to the charges of political double-dealing which have been brought against Duchess Sarah's "best man that ever lived"; and a question-begging epithet is no substitute for a critical appraisal. Readers imperfectly at home in a difficult period, moreover, may feel the need of a more coherent exposition than they are given of the course of public events, while to the student there may seem to be some superfluity of domestic

detail. Nor does any such clear picture of Godolphin emerge as Mr. Churchill got into a couple of brilliant pages.

F. B.

Spark of Life. Erich Maria Remarque. Hutchinson, 12/6

It may be argued that Mr. Remarque has attempted too much and, perhaps, committed an error of taste in threading a gruesome documentary or the Nazi concentration camps with a few strands of fiction. It may also be argued that he has been unselective in his handling of the mass of ugly detail brought to light by the trials of war criminals, official reports and (to quote the blurb) "dozens of eye-witness reports"—that he has, in fact, attacked the reader's stomach indiscriminately. But both arguments can easily be refuted. The element of fiction is intended to explain what for most of us has hitherto remained inexplicable—how some of the wretched skeletal prisoners managed to remain alive for so long and with spirits apparently unbroken. The measure of Mr. Remarque's success must be that he makes the heroism of Prisoner 509 and his company of "veterans" entirely credible, and the best defence of his indiscriminate traffic in ghastliness is that it never ceases to shock and warn. The writing is sound, objective and completely convincing.

A. B. H.

SHORTER NOTES

Fifth Chinese Daughter. Jade Snow Wong. Illustrated by Kathryn Uhl. Hurst and Blackett, 15/-. A Chinese girl born in San Francisco, of a Methodist father and a Buddhist mother, tells the captivating story of her youth. Deferential but determined, Jade Snow kept herself at college, made good in the American world and returned to the triumphant practice of one of the oldest Chinese arts.

Who Lie in Gaol. Joan Henry. Gollancz, 12/6. Very efficient account of eight months' imprisonment served partly in Holloway and partly in the women's Open Prison at Askham. Neither self-pitying nor consciously shocking, it makes a balanced study of English penal methods, or lack of them, in the course of a readable narrative. Holloway was cold, grim, old-fashioned and unconstructive, but at Askham Miss Henry found a discipline that was bracing and a sympathy that fostered self-respect.

Put Money in Thy Purse: The Diary of the Film of "Othello." Michael MacLiammoir. Methuen, 15/-. Intensely enjoyable, highly amusing diary (January 1949—March 1950) by the lingo of the Orson Welles *Othello*, not yet seen here. In Paris, Rome, Venice, Mogador, Casablanca, Marrakech—all of them again and again, with intermittent jumps back to Dublin—this unequalled diarist gives us sparkling flashes of what went on, and how. On-the-set photographs.

Everyman's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. Revised from Peter Roget by D. C. Browning. Dent, 12/6. The original "Roget" appeared a hundred years ago. This revision keeps to the original plan and system of reference, omits some out-of-date words and phrases and includes over ten thousand new ones, from *allergy* to *schizophrenia*, from *baby-sitter* to *top secret* and *Shangri-la*. Pleasant to handle, surprisingly small and light, and quite invaluable.

Mr. Smith. Louis Bromfield. Cassell, 15/-. In charge of a handful of American soldiers, forgotten on a Pacific island, Mr. Average-American-Business-Man (or "Smith") writes an angry exposure of the sort of barren life he lived as a (representative) civilian American, and in writing it feels he has achieved something at last. Interspersed are some odd and perhaps unintended sidelights on the behaviour of the U.S. soldier on active service.

Codd's Last Case. A. P. Herbert. Methuen, 10/6. A new collection of twenty-four "misleading cases," all but one reprinted from *Punch*. **Full Enjoyment.** A. P. Herbert. Methuen, 7/6. Over a hundred pieces of verse, from two-line epigrams to three- and four-page odes; many from *Punch*.



Hollywood

"It looks as though their reading season has come round again."

FANFARE FOR THE UNDER-FORTIES

YOUTH is unadventurous. Youth is decadent. Youth is soft. Young people are not what they were. When I was a lad I used to eat pigs' pudding and like it. When I was a girl there was none of this larking about with lipstick and bicycles. When I was a boy my father used to thrash me twice weekly for the good of my soul and the excitement of his, and look at me now. When I was young, girls never went to cinemas, and television was unheard of. We used to entertain each other, and this hardened us for the terrible times ahead . . .

All right, all right! Nobody is doubting that the last generation was, and still is, a splendid one. What I am doubting is that the present generation are worse than you were in your youth.

Can they fight fifteen rounds bare-fisted in a blinding snow-storm? Well, no, as a matter of fact they can't, because they would be prevented from doing so by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Anybody. Can they walk from here to Brighton in six hours? Well, as it happens, there's no need to now. Since your day a perfectly good bus service has been inaugurated, and one can get to Brighton in just under five hours. Can they sit at table and eat three pheasants, twenty meat pies, seven hard-boiled eggs, two pig's trotters, eighteen rounds of bread and some stewed prunes? And can they drown all this in thirty-four bottles of stout, two whiskies, a shandy and a much-needed coffee? Well, youth would like to try this, but the stuff simply isn't available. If feminine, can they dress themselves in six hundred items of clothing, and then tighten all these up to a waist-line of sixteen inches? Well, they don't do this, but at the slightest provocation from the fashion-dictators they would have a good try.

Anyway, let me ask you some questions. Could you motor-cycle round and round the Isle of Man at



ninety miles an hour in driving rain? Could you jitterbug six hours non-stop, breathing smoke the whole time, without going raving mad? Could you fight your way through a mob of six thousand and tear a strip off this week's crooner? Could you say "No cigarettes" six hundred times in an hour, kneeling uncomfortably on a large carton as you did so?

You see, it cuts both ways. I know that you don't want to motor-cycle round the Isle of Man. You want to find a deck chair and have a nap before the rain comes. But I could equally well say that young people to-day do not want to fight bare-fisted in a blinding snow-storm. They would prefer to see a

psychiatrist and settle the thing without mental scars.

Beside the point, you say, and sigh—to imply, What can youth do to-day that couldn't be done in 1913! Well, you must remember that there are two types of energy. There is physical energy (walking from here to Paddington carrying an aluminium case full of socks and library books) and there is mental energy (remembering that one's train goes from Euston, walking from Paddington to Euston, and thinking about oneself on the way). In your youth there was nothing to worry about. Your mind was filled with willowy thoughts about punts on the river, strawberries and cream for tea, and graceful young ladies

who would faint at the slightest inconvenience, or, if feminine, all these and a dashing young man with a straw hat, a splendid moustache, and a banjo. There were none of these mentally exhausting thoughts about skin-drag at sonic speeds, how to discourage chain reactions, and whether one is mentally adjusted to a girl with lovely green eyes and a negligible I.Q. Just a thought about what rascals the Impressionists and M. Blériot were, but surely nothing more.

Therefore, my dear sir (or madam), you must admit that youth to-day is doing very well. Youth starts off mentally exhausted, which leaves it precious little energy

for physical use. Yet youth shows splendid physical stamina in sport, entertainment, work and military machinations. Youth to-day is not soft. Nor is it hard. Youth is mentally, psychologically, emotionally and physically adjusted. Think of the trouble *that* took.

It would be pompous to say any more. In any case I cannot, for I have a busy day ahead of me. I have to go and claim my Comforts Allowance, Disinclination Pension, Vitamin Z, orange juice, mental agitation pills, my happy-marriage allowance; and I am going to raise the roof at the post office if there is a long queue for this week's Money for Jam. Finally, if I feel strong

enough, I am going to see if my rose-coloured spectacles are ready. Then, when I can see what the blazes I am doing, I shall go in search of adventure.

"H.M.S. Euryalus, the cruiser in which Penzance and West Cornwall ratings are serving, returned to Devonport on Tuesday after two years in the Mediterranean.

The following are the officers: Mr. T. Reynolds (president); Miss G. Loder-Cotter (chairman); Mr. E. C. James (vice-chairman); Miss Ball and Miss M. T. Velleweweth (joint hon. secretaries); Mr. J. E. Penrose (hon. treasurer).—*The Cornishman*

Well, they got back.



Chelwell

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THERE ARE FIVE QUICK QUESTIONS to ask yourself when you plan to buy socks for a man. (1) How long will they last? (2) How often will they need mending? (3) Do they shrink? (4) How comfortable are they? (5) How smart are they?



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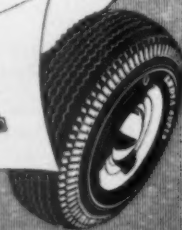
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Illustrations:— Top: Morris Oxford
Centre: Morris Minor Convertible
Bottom: Morris Minor Saloon



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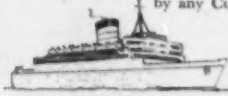
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No, they're not talking about the first leg of the autumn double. They're talking about Burrough's Gin—because it is *triple distilled*. This means it undergoes three separate distillations, ensuring the highest quality and absolute purity. It takes a little longer than other methods. But it is effort well spent. For today, Burrough's Beefeater Gin, as always, is soft, smooth and wonderfully clean to the palate. Remember, it's *triple distilled*. Price 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 per half bottle.



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FOR CENTURIES the great houses of Britain have been literal treasure chests. The beautiful handwoven hangings they enshrine could be admired only by visitors to these historic homes... That is, until the Courtaulds-Sanderson Collection of Ancestral Fabrics revealed many of the loveliest to all appreciative eyes—and offered them, faithfully rendered, to

all appreciative homes. Those who have not yet seen these treasures can still do so. The collection will be on view throughout the autumn at Sandersons, Berners Street, London and Newton Terrace, Glasgow, and in many leading furnishing stores throughout the country. It is also being shown in New York by F. Schumacher & Co., and in Stockholm by Eric Ewers A.B.



Other famous houses whose fabrics are represented in the Courtaulds-Sanderson Collection include Alnwick Castle, Hardwick Hall, Ickworth, Cuisance Castle, Burghley House, Broomhall, Osterley Park, Whittingehame, Althorp, Holkham, Kedleston Hall, Belton House, Knole and Drummond Castle.

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buy the best bulbs-plant them NOW!






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How time flies! No sooner  do

I break the seal on a box of these

wonderful.... no,....ecstatic

Regency Candies than one heavenly  mouthful leads to another

 and another  and an-

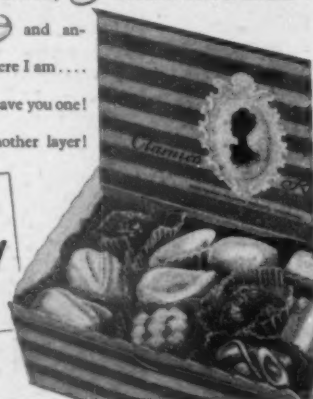
other and before I know where I am....

sorry darling I *did* mean to save you one!

.... But look! There's another layer!



CLARNICO LIMITED
VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.



Nylons, given a ghost of a chance, are the longest-living stockings in the world. But they're not immortal or invulnerable—certain things can weaken your nylons and waste the wear you could have from them.

Nylons...

how not to ruin them



1. WRONG FOOT SIZE.

Some women always buy the wrong size (from vanity, vagueness, or shopping difficulties). This means that the reinforced parts of the stocking come at the wrong places on the foot. Result: possibly laddering—certainly less wear. When buying nylons, always tell the sales assistant your *exact* size in shoes.

2. WRONG SUSPENDING. If the stocking is too long, either shorten your suspenders or shop for the right leg-length (some stocking makers offer several). You can double over the reinforced top—but be careful you are not suspen-

dering through the fine part of the stocking.

3. HASTY HANDLING. Nylons—though much stronger than anything else as fine—can be snagged or laddered. Commonest causes:—Rough finger nails. Edge of steps. Umbrella ferrules. Sandal buckles. Rings. Cats' claws. Dogs' Teeth. Nylons will ladder if a fleck of burning cigarette ash lands on them. So be careful of all these.

4. CASUAL WASHING. Nylons take (literally) 3 minutes to wash and very little time to dry. So wash them regularly (every day is best). This means

(a) that dirt has no chance to weaken the nylon (dirt, of course, harms any textile).

(b) the pressure points of foot and suspender won't come in the same place each time.

Give nylons this small amount of care and they'll repay you in wear as well as looks.

NYLON SHOPGUIDE

'SPECIAL' NYLONS:

Fully fashioned. 15 denier/51, 54, 60 or 66 gauge. 15 denier, mesh or lace knit. Circular knit. 15 denier, plain or mesh.

'EVERYDAY' NYLONS:

Fully fashioned. 30 denier/45, 48, 51 or 54 gauge. Circular knit. 30 denier.

'COUNTRY' NYLONS:

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Circular knit nylons fit surprisingly well because, unlike other seamless stockings, they can be permanently set to shape. They are made with or without seams.

Keep this reference by you; you'll find it makes Nylon Shopping easier and Nylon Wearing all that it should be.



British Nylon Spinners Limited,
Preston, Man.



Finishing a Royal Doulton sulphuric acid dish before the first firing.

Shaping the needs of INDUSTRY

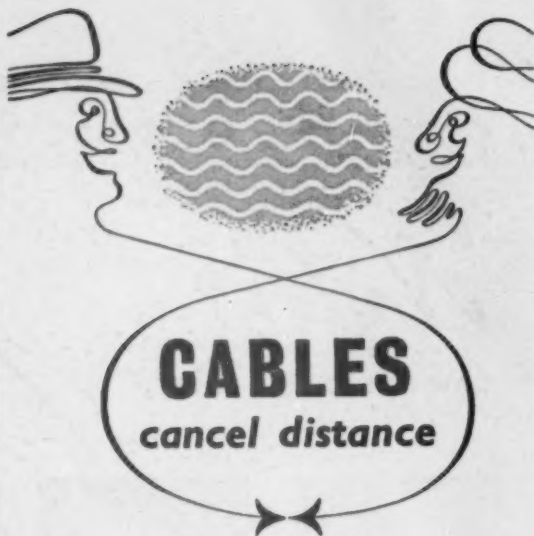
The home lover cherishes Royal Doulton fine china for its beauty. The scientist and technician specify Royal Doulton chemical laboratory porcelain for its efficiency. Its chemical inertness, its mechanical strength, and its resistance in use to high temperatures make this hard paste porcelain indispensable in the industrial research laboratory, the medical centre and similar spheres. Besides the more familiar laboratory equipment, the range includes tiny specialised items for microanalytical work, large scale apparatus used in production processes, and special articles such as thread guides for the textile industries.

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Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

58



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—and my fussiest visitors

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AND IT STARTS to clean, disinfect and deodorize right away. If possible I leave it overnight, and then flush the bowl first thing the next morning.



NO BRUSH CAN reach the hidden S-bend where disease germs can breed. But Harpic can! It deep cleans!



MANY WOMEN NOW use Harpic daily. After all, they argue — the lavatory is used every day! Yes, a little Harpic every night keeps your lavatory clean and bright!

Harpic specially made
for the lavatory
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Reckitt & Colman Ltd., Hull



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107 DT. Lady's Waterproof model; 17 jewels non-magnetic shock-absorbing lever movement; stainless steel case; corded band, in a choice of colours. £30

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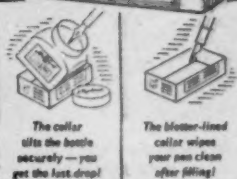
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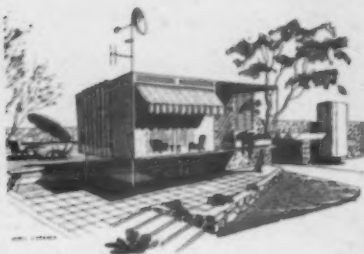
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House on the cards

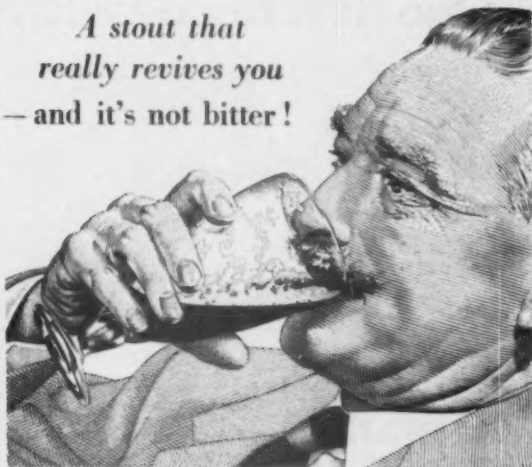
However conveniently you live (thanking TI for ready hot water, well cooked dinners and well ironed shirts) the future holds surprises. There seems quite a chance that the house of tomorrow will draw all its heat from the soil in the garden . . . that your telephone will take messages by night and pass them on in the morning . . . that your food will be cooked by radio-frequency waves. It's by no means impossible that your clothes will be cleaned by sound instead of soap. . . . What's the link between scientific principles and practical politics? Component parts. When TI is consulted about the components, good ideas take shape.

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"Paid my fare in Trafalgar Square, got my reservations, everything. Wonderful system, the Canadian Pacific," proclaimed the Lion. "You might have told me!" protested the Unicorn.

"Oh well, why cross the Pacific until you come to it!" asked the Lion jovially. "Must confess to feeling elated though. These Air Empresses are the height of luxury, I've heard.



We'll have one whole day in Honolulu en route—meals and accommodation thrown in, of course. Then on to Fiji, where there's a 15-hour stop-over. New Zealand next—and, whoops, a quick hop to Sydney!" "Happy landings, then," said the Unicorn cheering up. "At least we won't need to worry about each other, since we're both going Canadian Pacific."

See your authorised agent or—

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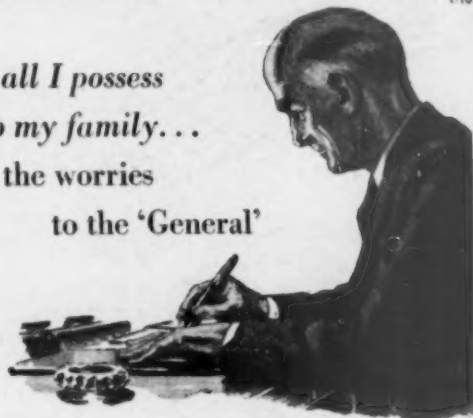
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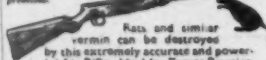
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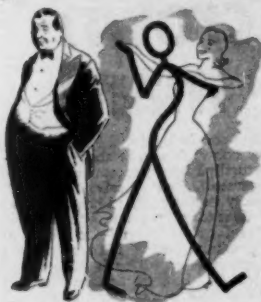
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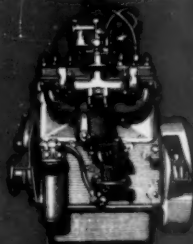
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They who stand as sponsors for Barney's, the pipe-man's joy, have ever told the truth concerning it . . . according to their light.

How good Barney's really is, you-who-know-it-not may gather by the comment which has reached its Makers from Dorsetshire . . . miles and miles away from the vigorous North which knew it first. Here is his letter:—

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"I was looking through a copy of 'London Opinion' and was struck by the 'chatty' and frank tone of your advertisement, and the result was that I purchased a two-ounce tin of 'Barney's', and it is the best tobacco I have found in six years' smoking."

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Barney's is medium. It suits 75% of pipe smokers. Pouchbacco is the fuller-flavored form—Barney's plus half. "Pouchbacco" is the mild one either for you, specially, if he does not smoke all three.

This Barney's Trio is almost sure to please each one who smokes a Pipe. All three strengths are sold in 1-oz. "tins," the 2-oz. "box" and in "Home" Tins of 4, 8 & 16 ozs.

(1) TO THE TRADE.—Samples of the Barney's Trio can be obtained through your usual tobacco dealer, or direct from the manufacturer.

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(332)

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